Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 11

A Void She Cannot Feel

Chapter: 80

New start beholding-

-Breath through me, I feel double.

Nevaeh- Hey it good to talk to you again- I said, I would be back, yet I never thought I would meet my grandbaby’s up here, and not down there with you all. She is a wild one, kind of like I was at her age, if you flip some pages back, and read between the lines you’ll see me there.

Jaylynn- which possesses all of us, to take crap to give a crap or have crap, or just crap it out? I have inquiries- So, it's its natural surroundings that push us, it’s like a house of horrors and its many faiths- that is sarcasm to my life. Freak nurture, freak the universe in the ass with a two by four. The people give nothing and trust like the AL-mighty is a thing of the past yet that fine with me, ass holes. Yet I love you just so you know, I love everyone, ago crap- on. There are more depths made than saved, no lives in this city that have a

clear understanding of what they are doing.

Yet you can see that crap, can't you! My mom said, 'I have a potty mouth,' yet I don't see that. I'm living in a persuaded rite, which keeps them in limbo, breaking my back and falling to my ass. I don't follow anything or anybody's crap- I do me because it has become a routine of what they think needs to be identified. So, I prefer to not follow anything, those asses are the one that seems to be lost on their path, not I, or that is the way I see it- do you- d*ick head. Look at how this crap took

place they say that kids skip a generation- Karly is so like me, good for her, her mom is like my mom, a dumb ass, that I have to love for she is my mother, yet I never really know her, that was my choice it wasn't hers.

(Dark wings and all you can see me now.)

My path when all downs also, the easy way to hell, yet hell is where the fun is, until you get there, and have to find a way to get it up- he-he- I said get it up. I am still a young girl can you see; I am fifteen jack-offs. I am not surrounded by people who are happy or

do not need me. I am just a part of its unknown past. I have learned to follow my heart, and go with my gut feeling. Even if that is to cut it open and blood the feeling outs. I have confidence that I do not need to be a bible thumper to have true faith, I didn't see the need to- really- at all, it's all a steamy pull of crap, like a 'Harry Potter' movie, just like Jesus he died at the end I could have told you that, crap. I have faith, is sex, drugs, and rap. WORD! 'All I need is to have a love for the man who breathed his last breath so that I could breathe freely.' 'God, I just need to get

freaked, my grandmother's quote sucks Harry Potter butt!’

Karly- (Past weeks) - I have to suck in the air on my own, I have the impressions that I have been cut away from the umbilical cord to the uterus of culture’s association, like mother must have felt losing out on me, yet the same thing happened to her of so the freaked-up story goes that my dad has told to me, over the years every-night for as long as I can remember. I am in a sequence that I need to develop my own, and not have repeated, yet I am not in central of that either, I have no

central in anything anymore or so it seems, I am spiraling- I am spiraling, falling- falling- crawling- and always- down on my knees, begging for more.

I want to see me have everything I want to see, I would like to read more pages, and see, some that I need to see I just want to remember me and find out about them, in addition to the one that I need to love, and I see that I had it and give it up. Yet I have to pick the right one- I see, and that is so… me… I don’t get what I need, or realized what I had, with them. I don’t know if it is the childhood boy or the

sweet girl that plays with me that I need the most. Love is a hex, of not knowing what to love more. Just like the general public will come and go. Falling to someone shall stay.

Things will come and there may be modification not foreseen. Yet, is the one a girl or a boy-? I just don’t know! Maybe I am just BI- yet how do I get over that?

I have to choose at some point, don’t I? Look here- The pages will turn; the chapters will open and close, as I, myself own a book of life, ha- I think I read my own story without ever

knowing, yet Liv did that why she read it in front of me to see if I would see the way, to my own life. Some of the text, which was written, will fade away, and a broken heart will mend.

Up till now some of it will endure in my reminiscence unflinching and vibrant. (I may have passed on reading a bewitched story with I was never- ever meant to read about my family, and the hex of losing everything that I loved, I wonder if the girls set me up for this one?) I can hear whispers, whispers I can feel, whispers that used to give me a thrill, whispers from the

ones that kill, whispers that give me a chill, I recall whispers while trying to find love, I hear them whispering, just like the girl in the story that I should have known, that I may need to find.

Even so, I have to comprehend it is all that I want to think of, and not what they choose for me to arouse, I was forbidden to see her… nevertheless, I did, the day before my end. I hear a soft voice! After that moment with her- You know I think that life is all optimal; one can either select to live comfortably or choose to live in

fear, and that is what I did the fear of not fitting in and they kill me for it.

They're still killing me, every day not to find out what I love the most, and that is not my girlfriends, it comes down to two. I ask him to do more for me, yet is he? Or has he, or has she done it all for me, that is the question. I know that someday he will answer me, and if he doesn’t, she will! I feel I want her to; she is the one the most like me, and I feel she needs me more. And I love that about her she needs me, and that is love.

Yet I feel like this- There is nothing to do in this here for me, or then her or should it be him? I know that my dad would disown me for dating a girl, so- I don't get what I should do. I use things like with a boy anyway, so I should just go with the real thing inside me, I am not a lez-bo! But that girl could sway me- I don't know. There is just a glow in my mouth- like all the white teeth teens want me to be, it's all spitting out, yet I have swallowed it, yet they don't. Look at my eyes with bloodshot eyes, with tears running down her cheeks, and everything in-between feeling the

same, you could even see all the welt markings of all their words, yet you can’t see them.

She did not even know her name… so she was named after his favorite flower, which he had everywhere in his home as I remember. There is nowhere to go, no one to see… and no one or two, which cares about me. How can I live a life of ecstasy? If infrequently one cannot have a choice, yet I want to pick this if I have anticipation, if I have the preference to.

Well, I have to live with the consequences of an entity life with me

next to me and even inside me and some, I call my friends. Everyone has to bow down to them, I have been blown to yet not always the way you think I have, my live a life abortion, ripping out my heart blood dripping down my arm, and the demons I just hoping fly out of my piss so, I can strangle them with my come! Yeah, I am the only girl that will say that out loud! CRAP! Moreover, the way I am the one who loses out on a life of authorization to make a pronouncement and my selection, crap really- is it me that has this or not. They are the cord that is attached to me; nothing can correspond or takes place

in humanity without my friend’s approval. Yet, in my life it is like someone- they sieve, network, and monitor all my life's events. They are the ones that give the stipends in the formations in the society's loop.

Chapter: 81

Her real love going inside

Aylden- Moya- I am an a-freshman here at Bill Clinton high, I have some to say- I am in love with you Maggie, I see you every day, and all you have to do is just be in front of me and it drives me nuts.

So, I did the unthinkable and asked her out, and like that she said yes, I was not sure she would and all herring, what I have heard about her, it was not long until I got her pants off, and I was in love with everything that I was looking at her so cute, and just a fourteen-year-old little girl, it refreshing to see she not slut-ing it out.

Girls where what they think boy's thing is sex, so they think they're having lots of sex, this girl she is not like so they just assume she is gay for not have sex with boys, where and when she can get it, I know that she

has girls that play round yet what girl has not. I am okay with her past and doing that, if not what you all think it was, there was girly love there yet not a full-blown relationship. If there was, she never said, I just got that she never went that far with a boy, yet she knew what I was going to do. ‘Ha that tickles- I have them off to the side. Frilly most girls in my school would call them baby-fi-ed. She is wearing training Briefs, with the scallop up and down banding at the top, their multicolored size six to seven, white background, white edging, and with tiny light blue, and pink hearts on them, and the little

white bow in the front- too cute it’s just adorable to see a girl do this, and not care what other girls say. I want to keep-um and never wash them to have the scent of her when she is not with me when she is away from me.

Maggie- you want to sniff my panties?

Me- possibly…? (Award saying) Which side the inside or the out?

Me- What do you think?

(She just gives a sweet small- and giggles, as I got it.)

Maggie- The inside right-?

Me- Um-hum!

Here you go you earn these by saying that like that!

Me- Thanks!!! (The first time - like it is a nice keepsake well to look to look back on every time you need to?)

Maggie- How do you know you're going to like doing this if you never sniffed them before?

Me- well-ah it is you isn’t…?

Okay, I see!

Maggie said to me that- ‘Shaving line down there, is not fair to us girls. Yet that is the only part of me

that I don’t shave, God- I have enough to do with my legs and under-arms.’ Got-yah! ‘I like these I have on their comfy I so glad you like them; I was worried that you would not like me for this…’ I am okay with it because I love anything you do or have on, it doesn’t matter to me, I said it’s cute- go with it. Um- can I have them? Ah- you what these? I sure do, to keep.

Okay then… (Her eyes rolled like why? Her index finger- off to the side of her sweet lips, maybe biting her nail, face down eyes looking up rolled to the side.)

Then she said- ‘I am not using a razor down there, that I don’t know where it been, God you don’t know what you may pick up- like if you get cut or just irritate yourself, I did it once and swore never again, it was Karly saying try it, and where fabric sting up your butt, I think not when I can be comfortable and having it natural feel right to me, do you mind?’ Not really! It’s not what, I am used to but it’s what you want so I love that about you too. It’s not about what they think about us and what we're okay with- and I don’t mind.

Her underwire bottoms show to me that is most inane still, and also shy, and I find that amusing, and wonderful. Not wearing what all the girls do shows me this is a girl that has something I want and that stands up for her right to do what she wants and believes in like her faith.

Stay with me- I love her blue eyes, the way she cries; she never lies to me, always hearing me, always near me, staying what I am. Stay with me, and make me happy; stay with me, and say you love me, stay with me, and

someday marry me- won't you please…? Just stay with me.

I love you!

There was this one time, where a girl felt my girl up and pulled on her hair to see if it was there… and it was, and she was okay with feeling it, you may just want to do the same… as… I know.

She let her… that's what happened, so she would see what she wanted to do with her style down there.

Maggie- Two week's letter I have completely fallen in love! I changed schools, to be so the girls

would not rip us apart, and say crap in the halls, yet when we get off the clock it’s on. He here to pick me up, and I go to his place, and we hang out, and do the touching, feeling, kissing things, that I always water yet never had. I LOVE HIM! Yet how do I get rid of her, come over afterward, just to make sure I am okay, it like she has known idea I have a boyfriend now, she gets lost in me and my eyes, I see it he does the same, Karly want me, yet I just want to be friends at this point, yet I don’t want to be mean she was always there for me, know what in the world do I do to say back off. She said she feels me?

Okay- if you say so- I felt her then not so much now. I hope she is okay- she has been through more than I have.

Having it hairy would keep a boy away wouldn't it, maybe that is why she did it, so she would say it for the one that would not mind it, and for that show, he loves everything about her, regardless.

Aylden Moya- leave her alone you make her feel uncomfortable.

The sex in bed in the morning, and at night and when we feel is right, it is out of sight!

Karly- are you kidding me she was mine first- are you saying- that I made you feel like your skin was crawling? Uncomfortable this is what it means- scratchy, painful, tight, and sore, or rough, uncomfortable- bumpy, itchy, and lastly- prickly. Is that insulting or what?

Uncomfortable, like sticking your d*ick in the pencil sharpener, it just feels good, doesn't it?

Karly- It was said- Miss. Gibson when he first saw Maggie when she was five, he did not know how he felt. The feelings of being overjoyed led to

the feelings of being horrified at what he was seeing, she had a smashed cut up wrist and boobs and nipples, and her hair all cut off, she was speechless for some years after, she was discovered, standing there in her underwire, you can see there are going up are butt cheeks. They look like she was picked up by them, by someone mean ripping hands. Miss. Gibson was not Maggie's actual mom; awe- she is a horrible mature creature. Just a nasty piece of crap.

The story energies that one day; he had on ring out and she came

to the door to see a man holding her up by her underwear saying take her she is going to be euthanized. That is what they do this day just look at the train rushing by, there is no love, just death. Just think in a few years' cars should be flying in the air, look at the buildings now, so modern and space-ie.

She was only ten years old at the time. Why did we all think she was slow, it was for she didn't say much at all, back in middle school… she looked up at her and said- help me, and that is what she did. Mss. Gibson was nasty to everyone, but she is caring for her girl

he named Maggie, so for that, it was too far, in that she would not let her go on her own and do the thing, and like any teen, she rebelled and lost her car over it, and she said okay smart ass, know you can walk to school, I said you couldn't drive. She bought the car herself and started going out to agent her mother's wishes.

Karly- She did not like me either, I do not think she liked anyone she was a man-hater also, that's why he left sixty years ago too. I think that is why she is so old-fashioned in her ways, just look at who raised her, she thinks I

am a complete slut even if that is the way a girl is. Now and then, I realize what a friend she is to me, and more. Start with the stomach area.

Lick kiss and such- me going down on Maggie, I started by working my way down, working her inner thigh, as if she were wearing underwear and teasing outside the outlines... then as you see the labia work their way out into sight juddering on the clitoris. I start up toward it, like with the tip of your tongue, then she should be going; now work your tongue in between the labia inner and outer, not lick the

inside her vagina yet... just the between lips area.

Finger with the index, then go back to the clitoris with my lips on her lips and give it a little more thoughtfulness, it is all about the art of the tease, and the wetness, and the coming. Now, droplet downwards and slide as much of your tongue inside the vagina as possible, get it wet, with your spit and such, feel it all dripping, that's love there, and gross, yet you have to love it, or wetter and relax her up, with her I know that works. She loves me

doing this and now she is getting good at giving it back.

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I walked into my sis’s room… and saw nothing but her ass and spread open p*ssy she is on her knees, on her little bed, with bubbly little mermaid bedding, look at that her butt is shown pointing towards the door, got yah- I see lots of her… and so will my friends… if I send this to them. Payback sister- the wetness running out of her, let's put it that way. I think you know what that crap is. I have to prove I am not a complete p*ssy, and will not put

up with my little sister getting more than me, like taking my men.

Seeing this Maddie and Liv say- her but was like in our faces, I knew it would be set to more girls, yet I did not have the heart to. That was up to my friends to see if they were real friends. You can see and hear sighing in her Arial-themed room to every inward and outward stroke. I even see her rubbing it in rotating patterns, with her fingers also, into it. Uh-ah, uh-huh- Oh-Oo-a, ow- yeah, she feels everything deep I will say that for her. Man, she can bend it in, she has known I have this all on

my cell, and I am looking in at her, the door not closed. Look at her next to her stuffed dog, she is rubbing it also on her vagina Maddie said I can send this to her seven, and so did Olivia. If Jenny was here, what do you think she would have done with this video?

(Hall discussions at lockers number 94 and 96.) I would if she sent this to anyone else, if so, that is not nice. Locker 95 is now sitting as it was, but with like a drop-off of flowers and bars, and photos stuck on the door for her memory. Girls kissing the door, and boys, it is nuts, you don’t want to see

what's inside there, it's freaky. Olivia- I wonder if we could get our lockers changed. It was nice then when we all wanted to be together, now not so much, this turns me so off. Did you see that Maggie is getting a life now that she is gone?

Olivia- Yes, yes, I did, I wonder if Jenny was the one doing that too.

Maddie- she liked her so I say know.

Liv- may be…?

Maddie- Do you miss her?

Liv- Not always- yet she pops into my mind once in a while.

Karly about the video (not with the girls, alone.) I showed her one, and now she seems to have it- good for her. I think she does it better than me, b*tch- is what the girls well think too I just know it, I love her, look you can see her face in the pillow, cute right, arched back, putting her two fingers in and out, and I forget how old she, yet see this crap, she looks like a professional, my girls will get it.

Miss. Jo-Anne Gibson- I did the best I could, but I often a spectacle, if

my best was well enough, was sufficient, enough. Maybe I was too hard on her or not hard enough. Perhaps she was ill-fated; maybe it was I- mayhap? As you may have guessed- I do blame myself for her being the way she is now, but not then, and you cannot change something wild inside, just look at the gay girl she with all the time, posing her fresh young mined with sin!

~*~

Karly- Anettia- is a freaking b*tch that needs to be shot in the face at point-blank range, for what she did

to this girl, I have seen it, lies in the book, and fake reports, no wonder she cannot have a life, until now. Jenny was on that ran and said- she was doing crap she was not. Like, look at girls peeing on the crappers. How would you know if you were looking at her doing the same?

~*~

I remember that Maggie always did have a way of a little crap, and I conjecture she always will be for- I say. It would not have been for me taking in this little girl, she would have given up on life a long time ago, I say

also. You can see that, she needs more and more help in the home and out, I need to see if she need more that they are not giving, I have her going to places now and there was a TSS teacher with her at all times, previous years, they say, she doesn't need it to say she does. Now that girl is doing not things to her that I find so- uncouth.

(TSS) is a Teacher Support Specialists, a d*ick of a person, just to be there so you are not a danger to yourself or others. Look at her there just popping gum, sighing yet she cannot, do not blink do not even think.

flapping their mouth saying nothing logically, here what she wants to hear, making you fear every little move you make; you can’t make a mistake or be a kid at this point under the light.

She is tapping her pencil, documenting it all for your life to go to hell. You- epic FAIL now! Like get real this girl would not hurt anyone, if anything she is getting hurt yet they all just look away, now it is my time to say, she is okay. Back- OFF!

Chapter: 82

Eat- Yō Sandwich

(Lunch)

It is a foot long;

Ha- better than six inches, said Maddie. Karly- Suck on your meatballs…

‘You should know you’ve done both.’ Some girl down the table- said.

Let’s talk about books, said Olivia.

God just shot me in the head, so I can die, ha- hey see the sped?

Nice- book’s- Maddie- ha!

Karly- I think movies like Twilight freaking suck, (Throwing both middle fingers in the air making a skilling face.) The sporting actress made fame, what it is. Look at her and the look at that, what is- that, I love Anna Kendrick?

Teach walking by saying that a mother-week Barns.

Liv- I think she would have made a better Bella, than the girl with no personality, yet that’s the book I read that thing and it was painful.

I guess that my assignment in life is over my Karly kiss my ass where it is brown and holy!

And that another one, sure it is… Suck my clit.

No!

Yes, you want to! (Sexy eyes)

That's it- you're expelled-

Good now I can party and have some fun sleeping and not doing this crap, so you're going to punish me by not being here, freak yeah!

The towing sickness of a teacher whose name is Mr. Abdèlaziz

Okay smart-ie, in-school suspension, then right.

Karly- Freaking-, ho-bag, psycho, b*tch, p*ssy-tart- ass-wipe! Under her breath.

(She gets taken out by her hair, by the officer what's his name, roughly, I might add.)

Like who paints a room all black, and faces the desks at the wall, where you could only piss two times… no air to speak of and some fat ass smelling like crap farting up and down the five by thirdly long skinny room, next to you is what… I got six out of

seven freaking hours, all week I might add.

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(Flashback)

I love bands that are not cool so what do you do here?

Freak yeah, at least I made it as one of our dumb ho's… in a short skirt that shows nothing under it, to think I made it, wow good to think… you think I am good enough to be the same look, and size or whatever, yet you can't say the N-word or a knotty little swore ward… Yet- yet- teachers can call me every name you can think

of… in the urban book of crap, like I cannot even wear a tank… without a bra in the halls, yet, this girl can… do you see all the bouncing, and nipples pointing, at you, I sure do?

Yet, the face pant keeps me from looking down and up. Can I squeeze this one boob, I said as I walked past going to the office like I do every day, for no true reason, I not the bad girl here, is my line, they just roll their eyes, saying- something like- dumb crap?

Oh, to be oh so freaking cute as one of those, bubal head moraines.

That thinks that has the world by the ass, just jumping to a not-so-sick beat. And I am not talking- about, all the movies either, they all are PMS-ing b*tches, sore if your one, but dumb stop with the snoot-e-ness. I could look like one talk like one yet I don’t want to be one of those things, this boys and girls call- tremendous. Oh yeah- so cute, and sexy, NOT! So hairy- and they say that about my arms.

(What- about them?)

I am sure to have you seen her junk? Goddam! Like they want to be an ass of a cheerleader, doing sexy things,

hell I can do that in my bedroom naked for my boy. ‘I’ll spell out your name for yah! Freak and that may be misspelled too!!!

‘He- he.’ (Cuts to the try-outs, you’re up okay she said sweetly) hands up in the air thrust bunch with each, give me a T- give! Give me and me!! Give me a TTTT- mother freaking d*ick sucking, lip biting, come- glopping- eat out my p*ssy- y! Now give me a C, gimme a, L give me an I, then bend me over and freak me for the- crap- pissing- T.

(Blond haired girl named Holly, blinks a few times fast in a row, saying- I like her, the faces are priceless, she finishes with jazz hands, and fires fake guns with hands, then trips out the door, saying yeah there's nothing wrong with me.) (So, they just said it all back to me, awesomeness!)

'Good evening Clit-high! So, how's it hanging, well I can say, yet it's all good, so this is your afternoon amusements, Lex Mithez got a- Goff, win, and so did Jackie-sue, and Amy Lue, yeah (girl in calls screw you.) 1-0, 5-9, 5-10 is how high she is. What did

that read? And eight, (what) don't forget the football games, and your ticks, there is a jack-off coming up, (a what, the teachers look up in the office) oh that said- said smack off, football, so bout that, oh my.

Um okay then moving on. Don't forget that you need to have your red ribbon on for a dug week, Ya- Ya-a! (Wahoo- drugs, and not doing them.) I get a thumbs up and a good job, ass hole by the d*ick behind me. You could hear it over the intercom. Nice! Don't forget to dress up like some you like a

day, and your others will stay home and feel left out.

(That’s not what that said either. (I heard from Marcel- you're such a good speller, I loved it and was informed the whole school. As he said don’t die to get out of the parking lot and slow down and don’t forget to pay for your spot money is overdue like just get it down here NOW so I don’t have to keep saying this crap. There is a bottle of something in the boy’s room that needs to be thrown away, GOD-!!!

I don’t want to ask, what is this? Do I have to read this…? Do we

know it’s there? (Nod for the p*ssy ass behind me again.) There are con-da-mine-on to sail her in the pyo… ogin-o… okay- OH-shank- rap-room. God, I can read this writing. Thank god it's over, it’s not let me do this today. Movie! She said imposingly.) (Maddie someone Jizz-ed in a bottle? What is this?)

(Talking to the girls in the homeroom, interrupted by this…)

Now I don’t remember- what I was saying, I asked, they looked at me like… whatever, they just want to go home, look- you know stoned, mixed with ass freaked and smashed freak’n

drunk. I don’t remember anything after that, oh yeah- um- that a pad should not show if you’re wearing spank-ie-thing-ie-s. And she shows that, ha- Hana, and you don’t get kicked out. All they do is dance around sacking their big bubble butts, saying nothing, and freaking every boy, I should be in the locker room. I don’t need to hear you… I runoff… to get pampered up.

And we split, in the clit. (The classic line is away therewith, every girl.)

#-Hashtag: (I don’t have anything to say, it’s all up there.)

Just think I get the same ass hole, that was here for over fifteen years, I remember back when we had that kiss in-between the buses at the football game, we were both in the band at that time, now he goes it alone, or so they say. I would love to be on that bus now, yet they say that is not the cool one to be in. she pressed him up on the run bus, Diesel Fuel, at night and playing in the background, it was perfect until the band directors said- 'Don't FREAK it up!'

I had a solo with Beth, at IUP, that went to a sixth-grader, yeah you

heard me, what happened here with rolls… and crap. what the hell, every other time. The drum starts up, and I was captain- nope that was taken away to, for he said I could not handle it, will hear me now mother-freakier freak you in the ass with a trombone. At least I do not freak my students! What a night, lots of kissing and touching, on the band bus, it's dark and the red in the back is all that we need to feel and see it all.

Hands down uniforms I think so… and maybe more, what happened on the band bus stays on the band

bus… what do you think I go on the bus? The first time he ever puts his hands on me all up under my top. (I nailed it) Marcel, I was there and I saw the stand ovation!

(One the field with the band of five hounded.)

Karly- it was awesome, having that part echo back at me.

Football game: band-

We combined the old school over there, with our years ago now were larger and crap, so our uniform had to change to red and blue, and that was a bloodbath, we still hate each

other. CHS over OVHS is not cool. They said- OVHS we are number one the best! I think not. When the other school was red white and blue and we were. Clit pride lasts forever! Let's Go Pennies! I am sure mine will never be the same now! This school will diddle with your brain, and make you go insane. At least I, not the p*ssy- saying this, I glad not to be a part of that over there, though! It's a thing of the past… sad- but true- it needed to die, or did they kill it… themselves. All good things come to an end; this is yours now.

Black and gold time ‘Hey my little pennies, you're nothing but a bunch of pussies!’ Hey, clit, here my d*ick, suck it, I heard on the field. By MCHS, ‘Guy team No! A player of ours said as they were bent for their ball! Morning Campania…

Okay… inhale here… this is long and hard. Ha- that’s what she said. Morningside- Cam- with ia for Cambria parts of Pennsylvania, preia for Pittsburgh areas, mush them all together and you- while getting that steamy turd up there, all up in our asses, and crap.

Hear the band, it should be like someone like I took a dump in the sousaphone, I am sure fat Freddie, their worst player loves that one. Yeah, suck that crap!) Make it rain! Crap, Fred!

Marcel- This drum keeps messing up here girl I will show you have it done and I am a trumpet player. It just that one left sticking that crap, and it may be the tuning of the snare too, yet I fix it you know- I said they sounded like crap, to your pain in the ass band doctor. (See me saying it!) He just said- you need to learn to respect

young men, you have to give it to get it from my asshole!

Head-to-head- ‘Line up kid if you’re so smart and belligerent!’ He said- I said after- Yeah you beat the crap out of those drums, just break the head, it's fine, you suck! I went here! At practices, this happens the night before the game.

(Drum solo)

~*~

(It is half-time)

Crap- look at the people, so freak’n load. Awesome!

Foo fighters show is the show is playing. Learn to fly, Hearon, Times like Theses, and The Pretender. I have to do something here to show what I can do so I just hit the highest note, at the end of that show. I saw him going Hum, over there, like okay then don’t stick to the sheet music, that you that they get paid for. We break it down yet crap.

The other band only played one sound and that was- ‘Don't You Forget About Me,’ and Eminem- ‘Lose Yourself’ (look at them hip-hop dancing on the field, (Garbage can drum solo)

and Whitney Houston- ‘I Will Always Love You,’ and the get this one more: Fergie- ‘London Bridge.’

We do need to do that, if I have written and the name makes it happen, I’ll garbage can drum solo, and I won’t drop my sticks… did you see that ‘You trumpet play remember that… said John.’ Yeah, maybe so but come on.

~*~

Dad- I thought it was time, Karly you see this it’s been at my cost for years, I am giving you this uniform of your mother’s, ‘Do I want it? I spoke. Razing up my one eyebrow high,

making a snarled face. Like this is not something I would want to keep in my room, I hate my mother for not being there for me and doing this crap. ‘Their baby killers!’

I would not feel that way yet I cannot help it. You have to understand my feelings of loss. Yet to all of the girls out there like me in her group or a group, she studs up for herself when no other girls did, she was something else, don’t feel like this… it is not fair to her, she was doing what she had to do.

Yes, she gave you up but in her mind, that is what she thought was

right, don’t you see that she didn’t have the choice, here it was kind of made for her, she passed on the field at the age of twenty-five saving one of her younger girls that lost her legs after being blasted off, she made back home yet your mom did not yet, here is her uniform, she went through hell to become what she was at so young of an age, look at this thing, she was fully departed, and a female I might add, not easy to do, yet she spoke her mind, to all the boys and got her way. Come here sit on this bed with me and I will tell this story here, it was not long after she was just private, which she went in

front of the board asking for dress uniform changes. For the love of God- Just give the same uniform as the boys, yeah- I am a girl my holy hell, ‘I think you’re a scum-sucking freaking maggot, private, for saying this.’

We are not all the same here. Can you see this she said to the up squadron, these things have not changed since nineteen forty-two? ‘What the freak is your point her little lady, the sex here is all the same.’ I think not sir… ``We don’t care what you think, your part of a thing that is bigger than you and your simple

thought, of hormones, and nail polish. Do you want to be here?' Yes, I do sir, is that a question that needs to be questioned, I have done everything you said with you snickering in my face, about it.

Okay enough crap around her, about nothing… I love doing this, I just want to feel the same as one of the boys. 'So, what the hell and crap and piss do we do about that to fit your freaking needs here.' Okay, you asked for it- permission to speak my mind. 'You're like I don't kick the crap out of you for even being here, you have seen

men die, in trading. I feel I need to talk to another man here, and why are all you men… I have something to say- here me out. I get one little patch on my slave, and my caller here is flapping over all my metals, that I have and yet my racking is the same, and yours all went up, this is not far… ‘I don’t care if you're a girl here- this is what we do.’

We look ridiculous like the nineteen forties, flight attendants. ‘Then you can walk out the door and hang your uniform up.’ ‘I don’t see the need to do something you want me to do, when I am the same ranking as you,

now.’ Commandant- older man said okay what do you want here sweaty- I feel like you do, this is not right she is not wrong here, we see it now. This is what we all girls need that a tiny like I am, a hat that fits, and a jacket that is the same or even fitted to my covers, this skirt is sexist, and the pants too baggy, so what do you take the skirt so you’re not falling on your face. (She flaps it back and forth, showing the out-of-date look.)

Can you raise them more than slakes that is? No, for my cheat is there and the spenders are maxed out now,

and I don’t feel that I need to be rubbing this down here either, (point hand moving up and down near vagina.) I am sorry sir for this one grannie panties don’t work for me! As you can see, they're not on me now.

(She holds them up, saying would you put them on?) ‘Now- crap!’ (Guy’s that all just look at her like- are you for real.) ‘Now we have to ask what down there?’ Something nice that a girl of today would wear. She flips her hair back, taking off the hat that's covering her eyes, saying this: I want and need like us all her of the female type- that is

short and girls, I want my hair down under my hat if you say yes! ‘We have issues as of why you have to do that…’ yes- I see- conversely this is my body, and I have the final say, I don’t see doing this if just being in a blue dress. I am swimming in this thing- you can see that- no? And where is my white belt that I should have under my boobs? ‘Did she say boobs?’ Yes, sir- Like- we have them!

He said- ‘Sit!’ make us look like boys, yet I am wearing a girl’s uniform…? Okay keep it if this is what I

get to do- and we all should have done here.

The list:

1. Coat: I want something that fits inwards with red piping on it somewhere more than what I have here, and has a fitted clasp caller. Look at all my meats are a cover for I am small and these overlaps, my caller that is, sleeves are too long also. Just give me a black coat here with some buttons on it also, that has the same bagging, give me red cords too, that I should have at this point, at something for my shoulders to so I don’t feel so small,

that I don’t look so small among all these towering men.

2. I do not want to have these men’s look blouses either, what are we high school girls, needing to cover them up. So just give me a necktie too… and it's all good.

3. What: I want just a bucket hat in white and gold, if that works, with insignia on it, yet bigger, you can even see this! Think of a band hat- there adjustable with the stings.

4. Sleeve Cuffs, Black with white piping with two buttons- I would love to have this now for, it makes up

for what we never had over the years, and it looks sharp.

5. Pants: White- Hey I wear the pleated skirt, if it white also ending above the knees, let’s say I am on a date with my husband or something formal, where I need one, or if I am not in a lineup, where there is nothing but paints, with all the other men. I would like to have one just for wearing my uniform home. If it’s where it should be up here, and it goes all the way up showing off the lags and side of her butt, do you like that boy you should that why I am in it. ‘So, where do you

want this thing at?’ (Here, I need to march in this, and have my legs look nice, do you see this guy? Don't I look cuter now, I think I should be cute and all.) I want them to fit that all, not be all bagged out.

6. I- um- we want light make-up, I have to look good, its up-to-the-minute days, standard shads, for our skin tone.

7. A white riffle would be nice.

8. Last name plat.

9. Bayonets I feel are dangerous, and don’t need to be there!

10. And I was a drum major, I can outdo you all that is over me, I want a master sergeant spot now, please! Give someone like me a drum, and I show you how it's done!

(Prove it the next day! Lineup!)

Dad- 'Back in the 90's or so not that long ago- I thought twerking was for tightening lug nuts…? Twerking? Shaking your ass, here I'll change your rubbers for you, don't crap yourself, now you young kids are humping in midair- I might add, and dumb faces and limp over backward gyrating to this crap. It's all hanging out…crap-

everything flopping and dropping, up-low and whatnot, I don’t get it!’

Mom- ‘Word!’

Karly- I walk away busting a lady nut!

So, you feel that you need more now to make up for it. Yes- I do! And what's to keep it!

Yes, keep it forever so you can remember who she was, she gave up everything for this century, yet was what she did the right thing, I don’t know, I feel there was not enough do for her there is not even a flag on her gave now, and her husband is not laid

to rest next to her yet, they never- ever got much time together for she felt she had to do what she needs to do, for the fear, of what was, and who she was. Give this a week and will see what can be done for a solution to the situation we have here.

And she got it, and this is it, this one here she wore out on nice events or for home and such, and she wore the men's style when on the drill time. She was laid out in the outer one, yet she said that one also, 'you can't keep it… yet you can die in it.'

~*~

Dad- Brandon- We were the age of five at this time, I remember sitting on our branch over the house, looking at the trees and the golden fields, I remember the way she looked at me, oh so long ago, she was everything I ever wanted way back then: ‘Just say a tiny bit longer for me!’ ‘Okay, I will for you!’ Do you see here in that little sundress? He passed, not ever find someone like her to feel the place that he did, she did not spend any time with him for it was not what she could do, it was all work, and never being together, he was always lonely, or that what they said, it can make a

man crack, he passed young of a broken heart. He was okay too, I think.

Chapter: 83

Love is what I had

(I was ten)

Holy, mother of god, we are in the shower together he bubbled up yet not covered up, and back down will it around until I would come, I got some just call me, he was just enjoying me being cute, he washed my hair and played with my body, like my boobs feeling the and rubbing, suck, and kissing them, flicking with his fingers

and others, HOT steamy water pouring on our head, as we were hugging it out, and do it all. Rubbing my legs and crap- I say freak, yeah, but I don’t swear like that!

I fasten the garter around his hip's legs side to side around his hips, and as I am arching my back to slip the silk stocking off my toes, I unclasped my bar for him to see them fall, as we go to bed for the night, we were body unstop of body, and we even had our toes laced, together on one foot, like our hands. I have to bite my lip to stop my impatient moan from escaping, yet

it all comes out of me. Scorching flush rivalries over my skin, my face hot and red that down there pink feeling has a handprint on my body.

My figure is shaking with shock at the news of us doing this tonight at this age. A baby they say I show them? No freaking way, no way should I be doing this yet they will never- ever no, NO WAY!!! Unserviceable my awareness is tiresome to grasp this staggering bit of data. Of why… Like a small child gets out and the woman is here to say, I’m downhearted, helplessly trying to fit everything

together in my mind, like I should some time you have to say what the hell and go with it and piss on them.

My inner goddess is quickly losing my virginity, the light in the room fading recklessly as I see it all there looking at it deeply, but I can’t settle on that now. I am not sure we're ready for all of this just yet. Gritty again I feel as I work my way in, I scan the room for anything I might have elapsed to say when my eyes fall on my ribbons on the wall. I would say anything to make him think about not going in so fast, yet I want it all. The

blinking to every downward moment, seeing it all so fast, what to do, it was hard, not slow and good, I don't remember it all.

The phone's screen draws my attention, I don't look, I do what I need to and that is lying there and taking all of it, yet that is the way I want it, announcing it. Quickly, I tip the contents onto the bed to paw finished the untidiness, for the things that I needed like my underwire, I all but gasp with the force of the solution, which hits me like a rock to the face, I may be in love, I have fallen too him.

He looks at and his reply, was all I need to hear that this was the love I need to have, or the sex at this point not sure, what to say, and again I hear the suggestion of his self-hate is everything when spooking at this point in my life. ‘I’m sorry for being me, ‘I’m too unlovable.’ He drops his eyes at me, what not to love, hiding the mayhem by the conclusion, not looking away at all with every weird, wacky, and odd, and the gross thing I would say is so nervous.

My heart liquefies instantly as the memory recalls to me in flashing of

the day, away it goes- yet will it stay, out of my control, your selfishness, I want here nothing more, yet that what I think about him at this point to it all about getting it in me even on the band bus we try crap, that feels good. Jealousy is what to stop it yet they went. It- he or the girls what to pick, you know what I did.

Every part of him has attracted me to him. I'm horrified at that thing to look at it, 'Big enough' I said, looking at his legs so that I could crush this little girl. I think you had everything you needed but not this… I did think it was

possible to be so right, and wrong all at the same time. I can see now how I acted without thinking about it but what the hell, I did before they got it in me. So-o selfish. So, I was young, it was better than cummie coming to an asshole that just wants to get off to me.

that what they want, I like it yet I don’t, I want to come for him only, yet I have to pick one or the other and I picked the girls, not him- not him- do you see that.

‘The consequences you face can change your life, for the right or

wrong.’ ‘I was just demonstrating that I am the one who’s no good for you.’

Chapter: 84

I dyed on the inside, or is that love?

(Now)

My hair flips over my shoulders, and boobs hiding them some of my shy blush faces I remember it all, now A compounding ache nails at my fragile body into my young heart, and more cries drop onto my shirt and through me. ‘I’m still only yours.’ I scream in class as I run out the door

looking for him, yet here am I, at this point, I don’t know. This is not my school and those girls are not my girls. I may be dreaming this yet I do not, I feel it all! Uniform though it’s a low-slung, protected whisper, it sounds loud in my ears, I hear the call-out within me, and it was him, yet through me, I never stopped loving him and only him. I want him to know that leaving him left me as broken as he still seems to be, even if I feel as if I have died every day, we have been apart.

(Night in his room)

Discovering everything with my fingers. But he’s not here I think yearningly. I run my hands over my boob, I do it all the same as always, pausing to feel the erect nipples under my timid, I softly circle my razed hands and then flat fingers over the hills that are the only mine, and touch the beautiful scratchiness within me like when he unzips me down there and blows on my belly and mon into it with every feeling. I pinch the strain that I have down there asking if it’s all good, ‘I don’t mind, he said.’ Like he was with my hair coming all around me and my body at that time it was down past my

ass. Steadfastly, between my thumb and forefinger he plays with me and my hair and hands, the sweet biting and scratching as we do a thing in bed, a silent cry I might make for being happy, it makes me want more… and more what can I say I am a teen girl.

Courageous now I slip my right hand into my sleep shorts, where I instantly, join with his body for sex. I never thought about anything, not even a condom, he can pull out. With my eyes shut I evoke his touch, running through me like come out of me, and whipping it with my undies that he

keeps, my finger plummeting on his chest, when we ride for it, them into him sucking off slick and wet desiring as he having sex with me onto. With my hot breath, I can almost feel his teeth on my lady's lip, sucking my clit, my jaw, and his on my lid skin, the same with him. The other hand is working my left nipple and boob, massaging like his fingers down below, and squeezing them and there and shaking it some too, nerve-wracking my tender nipple, at this point from all the suckage.

It directs the rhythm right, to his, my body shudders and quivers to

the orgasms, which spray and show up like cream, as it recalls the delicious sensations it’s capable of. Vaguely I hear my moan as my finger gently circles my clitoris.

Ah! His mouth on me, hot and tingling my lips with his then his mouth flicking goes into my mouth and slid over mine right. The look in his eyes as he watched me returning the fever of all the responses, and I admitted defeat– smoothly.

My body taking over, my back arching a bow. Everything clenches, stiffening as my orgasm quakes

through me. Gently the soft breeze carries me back to earth, yet, I don’t want it to. I want to come as long as I can at this point. Whoa, incredible, sexy- sixty-three seconds- going non-stop!

He sucks in a hard breath down on me, eyes painted and jaw clenching tightly around it, the muscles in me moving with his sucking that would not take away, they're running off, yet he keeps going…

‘I am not going to stop if she wants more. The taste is everything I wanted too, it’s all her like her skin, it's

sweet and cute!’ I arched up to see this all going down, my eyes finding every look on his face, that I love, to see, and a new upsurge of anxiety flushes through me, I want more but have to go at some point it ends, with us both breathless for really holding breath, how will we ever get past this, at school we- I see him and tell his guy finds.’

(He never did, is that a good thing?)

Chapter: 85

The feeling of it deep

Remind me why I walked away from that?! Oh, yes, my damned uncertainty! I grimace at myself and they feel okay with a nod. What am I going to say to him today? What do I want? The complex is as he stares at me, brow knitted in a tight view. He holds up four fingers for me to see where it's going to go.

‘How can you still only be mine?’

My self-esteem undoes at the understanding that it's where I want to be. As tight as I can I gripped back, keen to take the soothing balm his hold proposals for my ravaged soul and his? Nothing can hold back the break of awesome feelings. Submerged like water running down on me with a feeling, I weep- my broken heart out against his firm familiar chest, yes, I cried the first time all girls do! A strangled moan escapes him.

'Oh, Karly!' He closes his eyes, creasing them up as he struggles with some internal mêlée. When they open, I

see a flicker of resolution before his strong arms wrap around me with such a hold down on me… like a drowning me in, so I don’t go under. He crushes me against his length, his agitated heat almost scorching hot in his body heat.

Chapter: 86

Eyes on this young gorgeous thing

(Back)

Freshman year November 11/11/2012

Hot date with Marcel after school- ‘You have Disney, Pepsi, and a blackie.’ ‘Your horny and depart, it works! Now sit, don't, and eat something, GOD!’

In front of the bathroom mirror, I stand stark naked I stand thinking about what I did with him. I hate to do this to myself, but it’s time to be honest about everything that I do. I love them more. I’m half keen, half afraid to see what Marcel sees when he looks at me. It’s been a long while since I’ve had a hard look at myself– why would I? Thankfully my body survived

pregnancy well if that happens after tonight, yet I wonder why I don't remember all this, my t*ts are still nice and full yet I am young even now so what the freak am I talking about if anything, a little crazy here and crap. Surely that can't be a bad thing, I have lost some of it I think over the years, why can I recall it all, why must I go in and out.

(My Free Chat Show)

And panties see-through in light blue, black T-shirt, white and black thigh high socks. The top is off and now you can see my blue bra; I

take down all the five-hour energy that I need to do this all night. And gag on it to move them this long thing, do you like it when I do that? Not really do it to me, not that. I will talk about anything on here if you chat I will too, even balls! My life, and how I have a lack of one. Hand on my cheeks, or crossed, saying whatever comes to my mind, there is no filter, I blast it all out, boys like that. Lick your knees, do you like that crap? Maybe…?

Weird!

Doesn’t that go under sick fetish?

It's, not ages anything- NOT- even butt-chugging- ‘whatever that is! I said.’ This one is for your asshole boyfriend. (Ray- die mother-freaker die!) I just want to play with it.

ME- How are you? And what are you doing with your life? (I wonder if they have one, to spend so much time on here, get a real girl if you can.) Get my vid- cream-sick-al. Does Xbox have a vagina…? What…? I may even pick my nose for you; I’ve seen me do it. super gluing my vagina is the worst, how would you suck a girl that had that, try pulling it out, have that nightmare at

night- F-ers. Come into my house and Jiz-zz all over me and squirt it… one take is all I get to get it right, yet it's so wrong. I tilt my head to the side and continue my stock with my dumb yet cute crap.

My belly is almost as flush as it used to be, but not moderately as tense, yet I have the line that runs down into my vagina. I like being a copycat, I have to take you through this… I don't want to know what you did in a dark early, what dirty man's cock did you put in your mouth for five

bucks that worth fifty, Ou-w-a, honesty in here- b*tch, it’s a five-dollar footlong.

Ass in the camera and shake it out, I see it on YouTube why not- on me… like- in my chat room, its PG I am sure, oh my Jesus, it's getting dirty in here. It's not fan fiction that real-life crap- mother-f-er. I don’t have to be part of the cool kid's club, are you: taking in the butt- what? Feisty!!! Band- K_cee. O-h I done crap, here, I need a new PC. Having anal sex-n,’ strangers can complicate things, would not recommend it. I am here for advice, not masturbating, I want to talk about

life, I got you on my mind, so let’s take the bar off. Are you feeling hurt? We got some crap going on. On my sheet I feel all blue you can’t see me, rolling around.

THANK YOU! Boob's hugging lying on my bed on my tummy showing the nipples downward fingers on my lips. It’s your first time here… let see what you never expect, it's a hump-day what do you expect… we all horny on Wednesday, I say your p*ssy- Hey ‘Me-ways: have a chat with me, all you have to do is p-lick me, and you be in. You guys are such weird-o’s, showing what I

see on my screen. I see- kitties! Go it so hot in here, I have to turn down the heat, BRB!

(Be right back)

I am not faking myself- by my videos, are you a mind-reader? He just did what I wanted him to do, 357, good tip! No vid- for you- just ass-F-ed by Brad, do you know something about me, I had to be the yellow ranger, and I want to be black. SpongeBob is my hero! This is my life! I question a lot of the choices I have, almost as natural as letting someone Ass-F-me in the early. I have lots of stuffed animals. I regret

nothing. I have plenty of being a young woman… doing stuff like a girl? Playing with the elastic of my undies at the top, letting it snap running the rim with my fingers. One finger rubbing my lower lip, I like it too. It feels good to me. Squeezing my boob as I do, feels good, like you do, love'n me as you do. Hell-al-light-blue is my hair on Minnie-cam.

(Gust 69360 shows that anyone can get in here.)

Laying on my bed, hair flipped back, I'll give you the chance, sucking my fingers, holding my one finger to my lips as I do with him, and him only.

Here this! I am a movie in ways you don’t get, I could cry at this. Pinching my nipples feels so good. Thank you- YOU-AH! I love you- I love you! May sound like something else to you!

(He will get it, he’s a smart guy.) I DON’T CARE- song… I am about to blow your mind.

She’s My Cherry Pie- song playing in the background. Us- ‘Yah you know it!’ Maggie and Ray, and I said, and even here sister said damn! Tips make me wet. Lady OJ- is money! Taking the word Christ out of Christmas is wrong, we must barn them

to the ground your coffee guys that suck, stop playing so much jazz I don't find it cool. If your agent realigns, I think you need to be burnt down, the cups are just red now- fun! Don't say what I should have for faith, you may get conflicting answers. Queen- 'Bohemian Rhapsody' I am singing for him. I know he is a rocker, like me at heart. Do like my butt in this, sliding them down I rub from behind. I have to hit the goal!

Butt in air panties off!

A band for no reason, I was so sad. I was in my friends' cam, and

doing crap and they kicked me out. It is not like I have a cam for all that long, I am learning.

Don’t Go-go! So many song requests, my God. Here we go- rock me… singing. Grinding it out playing with my hair, dibble handing rubbing my lady-ness. I don’t give my height- 5-3’, 5-4’, 5-10’. BRB!

Some things I want to say- I just want to use your love tonight. It’s all showing now, to you see my pinkness, I love being naked like this for you all. Hood-rubbing, talking about holidays. Laying down on my stuff-ie

bear, and showing my side shot. Hair down there being rubbed; god the dog feels good. The Clit-er-stach… Nice, my girl's hair. Do you want me to shave it all off and regrow it?

Showing more for tips, p*ssy shot! I want my bush to go back to full size, don’t just creep on me, and tips. (What do you do if you don’t want to go to school, I do this.) I had every color you can think of, even a rainbow! The not gray hell with gray and it's fifty shades. (I do more than that and I am twelve years old, and looking back on it.) I touched the butt! END!

~*~

‘What happened to my room?’ His look is relieved but still surprised as his large eyes look trustingly into mine. I slide into his bed and pull him into the loop of my arms, ‘We moved last night after you went to sleep, buddy. Don’t you heat it when things fall into a hole and you have to dig it out myself and I did that one?

Mud-ie!

I want to chat with my boy, so I am ignoring you guys.

My… the iPhone is a piece of poop!

Talk to Howie the Owlie… BRB!

Smile and I thought you might like this room better.' I'm smiling into his hair as he bands an arm around my neck. 'I have any animals to sleep with.' He breaks my heart, yet I embrace the bear as excitement lights my innocent face, so I feel right about doing the next part.

The show- It looked like the owl eyes where my hotter, see my butt, see me up close to like should have done for you, it's all pink and crap! Owl-humping is on! He's in neck lock now, what the hell I said, moving to the

bathroom, I have my mic and PC next to me. Taking a shower, I do everything you want, it's cold to hot, it’s a piece of a crap heater in this apartment. The showerhead is too tall for me, any day now shower, I can ever reach it, the knob. The wide eye face and stare that only I would get. Light going off cool, right? Do- dis- crap!

Should I get a vibrator?

Texting him and her and them. Showing my pink-ness one again. Cold as a freak! The water hit me so hard. I don’t want to break my phone, don’t drop it- oopsie’s. But shaking is going

down. Thank you! Body wash sparing, and that smile only she can make, rub it in all over, in the font and the back, god it feels good, squeezes the luffa and rubs on it. I start fingering, I am all wet now for you! Up closer than ever before, I get lots of tips, thank you, hair flipping out and dancing under the water, hair goes black now. You can see my wavy wet, shampoo and more, going down my young body. Rubbing my whole body up and down on you. See the water as it runs off me, hair dripping down my back, nice, right? Chest gabbing and back ass and vagina shot I am showing at this point, it’s all

for you squeezing my cheeks, to the hot right! Bonging them up and down, now you get it. Do you want to see me shave- ‘Sure…?’ I spoke.

Him- Blue is nice, dance for me! I love you so much! Love that but a part back shot! I say what I need there, god I am a pervert.

There that smile again, one finger is rubbing now, I have my clit working it around can you see this. Soupy butt and p*ssy fingering in the, from the back, one is in and out now, do you see this so close it feels like you’re in here. I don’t care if I am just

on cam soloing, at least I am not banging some random dude, on the first date forgive me for the sin of being a start teen girl here. And doing me!

~*~

I get two girls to have sex and grinding their things-is together, there face to face and see it all go on, two boys one has to behind, so is it wrong for me to say... boy- on the boy- should- you should not- do that- for you can see your partner, at all regardless of what you do.

‘We got tonight, who needs tomorrow, why don’t you stay- stay with me.’

~*~

(Future days)

Maggie- Yes, you can have heroes in the form of worshiping a boy. I do not recommend that you do. Love the crap out of them I do. Yet I did her also, but come on growing up and do something with your life now. Why would you want not to if they are not going to help you when you need them?

Boys are the crap; one is he’s, my crap! Always do this… do not fault

courage for acumen; be wise in your choices, you may fall to some you never thought you would. It will help you make the right choice. Remember it is better to be sometimes a run-away than not having what you need and that is love and understanding. Make the right choice at the right time, which will please the heavenly hero.

Your boy will continuously help if he can! Remember that… Your opponents can help you over time, so always be on the lookout for your hero, if you are a damsel in distress like me, find a girl, and find Mr. Right when he

comes along and sweeps you off your feet. I would have to say what is neat about falling for someone. You do not need to have everything to be one with one just have love and trust, it’s a must you see that… I know you do, you just need to be a true friend and lover, with eyes that see the truth behind all the lies, yet that should not happen either, ears that listen for what is straightforwardness, and an expression that will speak up for you, and make you both happy. You know I think all of us have a hero inside when you feel this; I just need to let it speak out and stand up for it, to do this.

For instance, for me, I want him to show him I was a brave, sweet, and loving side like he always thought, undeniably to someone like me… is a damsel in distress! I get that, I had to be in my old life… if you want to put it that way, what girl doesn't want that… even if they have this now? That to me is the true definition of a hero and she was one for me at that time, and I am grateful for her being part of me inside and out, like another person that is helping someone who is awkwardly in need of reassurance from another person. She is a hero! No doubt to me, it is someone in my view that can ever

part, she sticks up for me like no one else has, and does not let someone else's views influence what they need.

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Chapter: 87

Squeal it out

Karly- I want to squeal, yet no one is going to hear it. I inquire- am I becoming locked up in chains? Help! I fear the vehicles that follow behind me at night. To this actual day, I still fear not having her at night, though I do love you not in the ways you would think, while completely open to the world I see nothing, that I should and fare nothing but the past, and losing out. Of course, I know you know that about me already. I fear that the world is becoming like a humanoid, with no

front-runner in which to follow as she was. Most of all I fear loneliness, and not see any one of them here with me now!

So much fear that the terror seems as if it will never stop, in this blameless life like mine; plus, I will be saved, by him or her someday- I hope. Maybe- is all that I have. I terror that nobody will ever see my resourcefulness or predictable me for the good in-which I do for others. I sense like I am the only one left in this world is me as I fall off it and fall to them. All the loveliness of life has been

crestfallen, and it is all an illumination around me is darkness.

‘Affirmative- I terror being in the outside realm of things.’ Just as it said- I would be after seeing the forbidden. Magical- Cards of wisdom and blue crystals in my hand, I look for something to show the way to the land of no pain. ‘I look to the skies to save me, looking for the sine of life, to make my way back home, I better learn to fly- fly! See the stars, as they go around my head? I am going to: burn out bright!

I think that if I could be left alone, with the one that I want… I

could have a life- you know what I am sure of it. I fear that the towering entity will never collapse, and the demons will keep playing in my head. I fear that I will never have a social ability, to be part of the nobility of compatibility.

I fear what society has done to me. I fear that I have no trust in anyone or anything. I fear that my life has no meaning. I fear that I will never get out of this hell. I just want to start my life, and get a degree in music someday from IUP, if I can make it through all of this. I do not think that is too much to ask for, is it?

I am 100 pounds, really tiny; surely there is someone that would find me attractive? I wonder if I can find someone who can think for themselves. I want someone who will love me, for who I am- and not what they want me to be. Most importantly, I need someone that will not use me. Is that too much to ask for?

Fear! Anxiety is something that I have inside, it is the source of the things which lead to distress. Not finding someone that loves me, for who I am, is one of my fears.

I fear not having a family by my side at all times. I have tears about the overwhelming struggle to rebuild my reputation, which has been destroyed. I ask this question, if I was to die tomorrow would anybody come to my wake, to see me lying there?

I fear the fact that I am most likely going to be alone forever. Another being, that everyone that has meaning in my life is fading away from me it seems.

Chapter: 88

Emotions Dreams

I feel like my skin is crawling with viruses when it is on my figure. It’s mid-November and I am standing in the rain, as I run out the door it is, so cold, so lonely, and so freaking loveless! As I found my way back to him, I left behind oh so long ago. Up till now this is not habitual for me, I am always naked around my house, yet this is not a home at all, I don’t know what you call this place, it’s like a school however not so. I have my reason you’ll see, not to say too much, I have

someone looking down at me with the eyes and the face and crap. The rain is falling on me, eyes and ears, and boys and girls all like knives inside me, never since the moment I got off the damn bus so it could just run my ass over and get it over with. The rain is matting my long brown hair on me as it lies on down my rump, just like a movie just like the books. Just like me living it, like her.

Some of this shower is cascading off my little face, and it slowly collects on my breasts, where it beads up and separates into two

different watercourses down to my belly button. I eyeball it, as it goes all the way down the front of me. Yet I am okay with it… at last, I am free. To a fact! I still feel so shut in by all of them. Ten or twenty-five or three minutes have passed, I am still in a similar varied advertisement. ‘Girly portion.’ Almost like a waterfall gushing in-between my legs. It trickles down to me to where it turns and goes in my butt cheeks, falling too and thrashing my mud exposed toes. After standing so long, holding me upright, weekly my legs so not right give out. Just letting water follow me down.

I'm soaked! Soft thump, sooner or later the pounding gets rains resilient. Making me fall to the ground with where I will remain until I feel that I can get up and over what has happened to me. I can feel the wetness as it lingers in my hair for a while, so unforgivably waterlogged my body even more. That’s if I can… like if I can accept it all. It’s all because of them! Counting my sanctification, I feel dissatisfied in a way when I do feel it releasing offends my hair. Like it is wiping away everything that happened to me today, away from the day of the past. I feel the dropping rain weeping

for me, like hell’s tears of pain and flam it runs out of me as I yell out for his safety in a call of his name.

At this time, it follows the center point on my back. Then down in-between my petite butt cheeks. It streams off my butt to the ground near the heels of my feet. The wetness is still running down the small of my back thirty minutes must have passed. However, it is like it is all pounding down on me at once. I look, up to the sky, lying on my backside. It hits me! Even with all this rain.

I feel that my vagina will surely never feel the same, or like it’s clean again. The pain hits me! I start rolling around, like a pig in mud. I have the sensation like I have been ripped in two parts, by all the ones that never cared and not seeing it till no yet it too late does he even know my name now, is it all lost and forgotten about, it’s been so long now.

Where have I been? I can feel as if that part of me is washed clean from the day that I had to go through. On no account can it be yes, no, maybe! The rainwater can only wash away

somewhat of what they have done to me. What he did to me and her- and her and him too all of them all- crappers! Never all of it… never- EVER- NEVER EVER! EVER NEVER! They have sucked! AND FREAK AND now that can suck this… I don’t care, kill me! You’re doing it anyway; I have read the story just do it! I cannot wash away all my fears that I have. Like being tugged on the hood they suck you off and you have to put up with it. Pending with the thought of biting it off me completely. That is why I’m bleeding out cutting and crap! See this, it's for you! All you- I carved the hacker for you! On my

lower hip bone. I scrubbed and touched myself in all the places. AND FEEL THE GOOD OF IT.

I ripped my black hole wide open, and they saw me do it, let sit for him all - all. Fingernails and slashing teeth, see me know he- he sees me, it all for you. Not having you did this to me, same with her, same with losing everything I have ever loved and my dad too. I cannot run away, I don't want to stay, I don't want to act gay, or live another day, what more do I have to say.

I need to get away! Come whatever may… I have to get away from them. They always find me! Always. Pledging with Supernatural saying this has halted. Thus far it goes on every school day on repeat to me only I see the thing that I don’t want to yet that I don't see. It's right there she talks to me. They don’t get that- it’s not crazy I see them, I am one. They beat me up for gratification.

My nipples are raw like me and my skin! I have nowhere to run or to hide! I cannot stop them from pointing out, assault, and sucking on me!

Sometimes it’s like I blackout and see it all pass me. I just need to be okay! It is like these hallucinations of what my life's existence about comes and goes away from me. I know how a candle feels, careworn not to be blustered out by the rushing air, which is stale. It smells like death in this small room, alone. Nothing but my thoughts to keep me.

‘There it is!’ I say as I rip it out. The paper is jagged and wet, but I have a farewell note in my hand. I made it earlier in school at lunch when I was sitting alone, on this crumpled-up

notebook paper. The black ink is running like a watercolor all over all my shaky childlike penmanship handwriting. All have on it all words that need to be said, about my existence in life! They're all there, maybe spelled incorrectly, but there regardless.

I feel like I am existing, not living! It is as if I have all these flashbacks, to the point it haunts me. Even at the strangest times, my mind drifts off. Correspondingly I said- It is all because of them! The air that is

around me now, is making my slit labia skin hurt with burn and sting.

I have every right to be troubled!

Do you even freak care? Do you? Yes, no, maybe… what do you think? Look at me, and close your eyes tightly. Now can you see me? I was never like some of you: popular and loved. Or maybe you're like me, which fits in with everything that category is not. Do you see my teardrops that splash out of my blue eyes? Do you see my brown hair that covers them and hides my true sentiments in class? Do

you feel what I feel right now? It just seems that everything in my life is like trickling down my body, and away from me in every way imaginable. As a result, the only thing I can do is get up and raise my hands to the heavens. While shouting the question- 'Why did you let this happen to me?'

Can you feel my hurting insides? Nope did think so, no one can feel it unless they live it! Have you ever had to feel just like I do? Can you see my makeup mixing with my teardrops, as it all falls to the ground like my

emotions, passions, and caring? If not you're just as heartless as them!

I hear that small voice in my head again it’s a small whisper saying: ‘End it! End it!’ I have nothing but my split thoughts rushing in my head.

Like a screaming bolt of lightning cracking in the sky above me. GOD- and loving-crap! I give or take! Should I just end it all? I have every day now and they would let me go. But there is not one person around here for me, and he is not always here for me. A long time ago, he said no, now look at me so old- gray and not caring at all, I

wonder if he is coming to see me, know the past at an old age, crap I remember now, I am ninety-nine and see him all the time, like a rhyme out of time, I am young and so his he, yet those days never made me happy, or did he? Not one which is going to miss me at all. The blinds cover the spacy world that I don't recall, it was not real to me. they say it's 2114 is not real to me, I want the past, not the future, yet they have me here in this whiteness that is all the same and cold looking, icy and with some blackness, depressing as me… it will be and stay every day until they say I can die.

Would anyone care? I came to that gloomy deduction would anyone think of me? Hell- with them all! I should end it all right now! I crawl over on my hands and knees, grabbing my minor skirt, pulling the belt out of the guards. I think about me grabbing my uniform, tugging and unsnapped off myself, and- see the light go out, like days before. The same awful garb they slap on me, I don’t want to have on me, oh, and how I would do it. So tasty so gory, hag forms the bunk bed, stung by my head, that may work, nope they kill me. KILL ME! KILL ME!

PLEASE JUST KILL ME, so I can live with him up there.

Snapping my neck. I see it over there; the end is nearing. I almost see him there, seeing me welcoming him home. Calling outreach, feeling slipping off… I do it to see him, all the way, not just the dream of him. To do what must be done! Holding the bedsheets in my small hands. I stop and look at my fingernails, which are painted purple with pink straps. (Eye twitching) I say, will make the black leather belt into a noose, looping, twisting, and coiling it

through the shiny silver buckle to make snugger around my neck.

Sure, I am thinking about the sheet, and it but, that pain is nothing like what they put me through. At least with this, it's over and done fast. But I also think about that last fall, that I would take. I have the sheet around my neck attached to the bed frame. All I have to do is a swing and jump off, and it would pull me back through the air.

YES!

Don't you do this it's all for me! Like them, you did this to me too! I

blame you two, I see you looking into me.

Oh yes! Ha ha…!

So, all this time, I have had to think about why I passed away as I did. And it was to save my sis, from ending her young life, I had to see what her life was more parishes than my own. To stop her from having sex with Ray and blowing her brains out on Sunday the next day. To tell her not to have sex with any boy until she feels she found the one and only. To save me- I had to save her from being like me, and help out others like Madilyn that needed me

along to be there as a friend. So now I will be looking over Kellie and all of you from the sky above. And be the big sis that I should have always been. I am happy to say I have made it, with no regrets. The rest you'll have to discover for yourself when you breathe your last breath.

How are you going to be remembered? What do you value in your life and others? That's worth thinking about… and final note: before you fall, know where you have been, and where you're going! Always fall to yourself first and the one you fall to

first, and fall to the ones that truly love you, and then fall to them if you Madilyn needs to or you can't leave your life or days without them. It's up to you whom you fall to, just remember that. All along it was Marcel… I felt…it, I felt… all of it! All of that, all of him all up inside me, and it was his… now our baby, that was left behind inside me, yet I am still not sure how I got pregnant. When did it happen or did it happen? It was through me? Through him- yet inside me? Maybe it was all Marcel in everyone that I did fall for anyway. If I did love him and fall for someone else or made love to someone

else it was Madilyn only to him, I saw and felt within me.

PS.- I loved you alone Marcel!

#-Hashtag: (fallen too you!)

Chapter: 89

Final say

Kellie- My sis did not get all she wanted- I know this to be true I loved Ray more and for that, she is not here anymore, for I have to confess, I have had sex with him or any time and I was only seven years old at the time.

Look at me know I am fourteen years old, and I still remember it all.

I had it after I was gone and it was like she was haunting me, the whole time I was the little girl- known as sis- I was me acting as Karly acted, I am a lot like her even now I live with Ray I mom and dad both sucks, and she is the one that was not right, we are so very much in love. She was pulling us away or so I thought. I don’t get it? I am younger than what my friends think of fortune, that doesn’t stop me from loving him, I always will even if he

doesn’t love me back- I have fallen to my first.

Falling to you!

~*~

(In a whispered voice)

Karly- I love Marcel! All along it was you I loved, Marcel was just playing so I Madilyn using her body so I would feel- will okay about doing things with him that I would never do with him in person, he always loved me, more yet I did not let myself fall too him until it was too late.

Say hello to Nevaeh Anna Barns, she is seven weeks old and doing just fine, she is a brown-haired blue-eyed baby girl, full of life. She was born before the end of Karly’s life, in 2016, yet she doesn’t remember any of that for she had a memory issue, it was all because of her car accident, she got sick of not seeing the world as she knew it, and she even forgot about the one she feels too. It was all grieving over Jenny, and her friends like her, and also her garden angel as she called her- Emallie.

Maddie still goes to see her every day at the cemetery and talks to the gay stone next to all the others, and she cries her eyes out only for her, saying she was in love yet she'll never love again…

I'll be seeing you! Wherever you may be…

Where did she go…?

I don't know…

Was it like heaven or hell?

I- undoubtedly don't know… what do you think?

I-Left a flower behind a lily.

I am- ‘Going in and out!’

With- Hallucinations….

‘I Can’t Help Falling in Love with You!’

Maddie and Olivia, this is how it went for us:

(Cut)

Natalynn Barns, my mother is Killie, you don’t know me as of yet but you will. The year is 2117, the car that is flying on the roadways looking like modern 36 ford coupes and sedans of the way gone past most if not all tan and thunder gray, and train that rush

by, people die and no one cries, it all just a part of this cold world like the electronic music that has no rhythm just beeps and bops. Robots walking freely taking over your thoughts. Saying everything for you, taking money from you and you don't have a say, is the height of power and you are eating the crap off the floor, do I need to say more for you to get it?

It would be my peace, peace at last! Sure, I don't want to hang myself, but at the same time, I do. The voice in my head is saying too, and getting more vibrant.

Do I have a choice at this point? Oh Yes, I don't! I am going to dangle! Yes, dangle off one of these old angel oak tree branches, tonight. This ancient tree is next to the rundown house! The home of loneliness, and it feels as empty inside as I do right now. Why do I want to do this? Fine: I will tell you why mainly so that everyone from my school of hell can see me up here in the tree naked.

~*~

(Start of the re-ending around 2020)

Olivia- For all the people who have had septic I with amour in the past, you know who you are. This is for you to understand you're not alone and I did all I could to not be a part of all this. For the girls who will contaminate me in the future- I can't wait yet I have to say it was not all my washes to have it be this way.

To see whom, you'll be, and who I was, and what I have become now. And in both cases: Thank you, not for what you girls put me through. Her life sucked, why should mine? Up till then and before till the after, that is

what she wanted to be done she? The most hazardous viruses are those that make us believe we are well. I saw her slipping away every day in the halls and did nothing about it, yet was it I that had to? Did I have to fall to that level to be something I was not to her, and even her too?

It has been many years since those old days looking back on it, nevertheless, she haunts me still, like my girlfriend of the past. Chair and the association identified love as a disease, and fifty-three since the scientists perfected a cure if you want to call it

that. One and all else in my family has had the formula already.

You know I had a younger sister, Christie, who has been disease-free for ten years now. Not long after Jenny's end of her life. She’s been safe from love for so long, not as I was, she wants the old school ways, not what I did, Maddie always says,’ she can’t even remember what all took place, we were high and crazy, it was part of the times then. I was not a babysitter, for that girl I didn’t do anything wrong. I’m scheduled to have a hearing on all the small details, and it is breaking us

apart like glass smashing, and cracking to shards.

I've seen countless unsecured dragged to their procedures, so racked and ravaged by the love that they would rather tear their eyes out, or try to impale themselves on the barbed-wire fences outside of the laboratories than be without it. Numerous years ago, on the day of her procedure, one girl managed to slip from her restraints and find her way to the laboratory roof. Pending the procedure has been achieved, until it has been made safe for the under eighteen, we will never

be protected. It still moves around us with invisible, sweeping tentacles, choking us… ‘taking it all down as she used to say.’

Many people are afraid of the procedure. I am looking at how it all rolled out some people even resist. But I’m not afraid if she would just stand by my side like she used to. I can’t wait. I would have it tomorrow if I could, but you- I can’t, I have to at least see what it is I need to have done here, sometimes a little older, sometimes a little crazier, sometimes wild. Ha! They drive you nuts about all the girls that I

got the blame for dyeing. I have to look backing and say, I have sex with a girl only, and look I don't have a family to turn to, now. Earlier the scientists will cure you, I said as she was dying for something, I cannot recall the name of, otherwise, the procedure won't have it, I would rather not live if I can do what I want with you.

People end up with brain damage, fractional paralysis, blindness, or worse. I get that I said to her yet you still have me, yet in her mind, she gave up on life, after all the drama. I don't like to think that I'm still got it all, yet I

don’t. Walking around with the disease running through my blood. I don’t have much time really either doing the crap I did with anybody. You have tolls of your action I am facing now.

Sometimes- I swear I can feel it writhing in my veins like to some degree of spoiled, sour milk in and coming out of me. I run all the time… I feel like fun all the time too. It reminds me of being young offspring pitching fits. Jenny was known for that, not Karly, yet she was sometimes a pain in the butt. It repeats me in confrontation, of diseased girls uninteresting their

nails on the pavement, tearing out their hair, their mouths. It makes me feel dirty.

Know what I did to myself and others. I have to live on like this… they don’t. They're gone now. I left it in the past yet the past has not left me.

And of course, it reminds me of my mother, she messed up also in her life, and I hear it playing in my mind of her voices, as hearing the harsh word of- shame on you. The rooms spring, like she in my mind. The world has nothing to offer me, no single shred of interest. I'm a teen girl trapped on a

circle, watching a passing parade, a blur of noise and motion that sooner or later turns to a single point on the horizon, a gutter full of trampled and muddy cups, and the sense of wasting an evening.

I’m holding hands with someone you would not get a boy not a girl, but whenever I turn to look at him his face blurs, like a camera losing focus, and I can’t make out any features. But his hands are cool and dry, and my heart is beating steadily in my chest and my dream, I know it will always beat out that same rhythm, not

skip or jump or swirl or go faster, just womp, womp, womp, until I’m dead. Harmless, and free from pain. Things weren't always as good as they are now. In school, we learned that in the old days, the dark days, people didn’t realize how deadly a disease love was. Dripping spit.

That they would get you on there on the side and then do zero but fail, and fail, and fail again. Individuals should come with warnings, like cigarette packs:

involvement would kill you over time.’ ‘It was one-sided that people

could pretend to be one thing when they were approximately else. Dripping girl jizz after the procedure I will be cheerful and safe forever, yeah right kiss it, that's what everybody says, um-hum, that people say, commodes hanging from the walls in my room, the scientists, and my sister. I will have the procedure and then I will be paired with a boy the surveyors choose for me. In a few years, we'll get married, or so I thought to Dilico. Recently I have started having dreams about my never happening wedding. In them, I'm standing under a tree canopy with flowers in my hair, in something that

you would not understand, and that is a white dress, I am a girly- girl; however, I do want that crap also, just for my past I don't need to pay for it all.

For a long time, they even viewed it as a good thing, something to be celebrated and pursued. Of course, that's one of the reasons it's so dangerous: It affects your mind so that you cannot think clearly, or make rational decisions about your well-being. He loves me yet does he, I can have sex with him know I have a nasty STD. (That's symptom number twelve, listed in the I- myself section of the

twelfth edition of The Safety, Health, and Happiness Handbook, or The Book-Sh thingy-ie, as they call it.) Instead of people back then named other diseases-stress, heart disease, anxiety, depression, hypertension, insomnia, bipolar disorder-never realizing that these were, in fact, only symptoms that in the mainstream of cases could be traced back to the effects of this crap, of course, we aren't yet absolutely free from the hallucinations in the United States. I was told to go and live on a tiny Island by one nurse I had.

Maddie- She dropped quickly, without screaming. For days afterward, they broadcast the image of the dead girl’s face on television to remind us of the dangers of deliria. Her eyes were open and her neck was twisted at an unnatural angle, but from the way her cheek was resting on the pavement, you might otherwise think she had lain down to take a nap. Surprisingly, there was very little blood-just a small dark trickle at the corners of her mouth.

I have moments of phenomenon whether the procedure will hurt. I want to get it over with. It’s

hard to be patient. It’s hard not to be afraid while I’m still uncured, though so far, the deliria haven't touched me yet. Still, I have apprehension. They say that in the old days, love drove people to psychosis. That’s bad enough. The deadliest of all deadly things: It kills you both when you have it and when you don’t.

The book of crap also tells stories of those who died because of love lost or never found, which is what terrifies me the most. I wonder when and who’s next, I remember how I loved that thing now look at it. She

watches me in silence. When I'm finished, she holds the orange, now unpeeled, in both hands, as though it's a glass ball and she's worried about breaking it. I nudged her. 'Go ahead. Eat now.' She just stares at it and I sigh and begin separating the sections for her, one bygone.

Like- like- most if not all the girls that passed before me. It only takes one like Ray to do us all in, and get this, free love is not all ways free. Yet I am the one that gets it, not her, and she okay what, like why me… I was just being a cool girl. I should have

been thinking more as Karly did, and her sister, they had ways of not having all that going up in. better than birth control, it stopped it. ‘There is no fix for stupid she said.’ Nevertheless- love is love- I yelled back pissed.

I’m nervous, of course.

Ninety-five days, and then I’ll be safe.

Chapter: 90

In and out

It’s seven o’clock, as of this moment. We must be constantly on

guard against the Disease; the health of our nation, our people, our families, and our minds depends on constant vigilance. ‘Basic Health Measures,’ The Safety, Health, and the smell of oranges has always reminded me of funerals. On the morning of my evaluation, it is the smell that wakes me up. I look at the clock on the light is ashen, the sunlight just fading away slowly dying, breath in my lounges the chemicals, I'm waking up to ash and dust, I wipe my brow and I sweat my rust, I'm breathing in the chemicals; remembering the hot, scratchy dress I was forced to wear when my mother

died; to keep from remembering the murmur of voices, a large, rough hand passing me orange after orange to suck on, so I would stay quiet.

I'm breaking in, shaping up, and then checking out on the prison bus, this is it, the apocalypse. I'm waking up, I feel it in my bones, enough to make my system blow. Welcome to the new age, to the new age, already dressed, watching me. She has a whole orange in one hand. She is trying to gnaw on it, like an apple, with her little-kid white teeth.

My stomach twists and I have to close my eyes again to keep from, At the funeral, I ate five oranges, section by section, and when I was left with only a pile of openings heaped on my lap, I instigated to suck on those, the light sweet yet bitter taste of the pith aiding to keep the tears away, never-ever doing so. I open my eyes and lean forward; the orange cupped in her outstretched palm. I used to joke about that song about the world. Look at it now. They own our butts.

Bedside table, I don’t see the flowers of the past, that I cared so

about, dumb, I push off my covers and stand up. Peeing myself, for not having central to it any longer, my gastrointestinal is clenching and untightening like a fist. ‘And you’re not supposed to eat the peel, you know.’ She continues blinking up at me with her big gray eyes, not saying anything. I sigh and sit down next to her. ‘Here,’ I say, and show her how to peel the orange using her nail, unwinding bright carroty curls and dropping them in her lap, the whole time trying to hold my breath against the smell.

She doesn’t respond to the girl in the story. As I do, I whisper, as gently as possible, ‘You know, the others would be nicer to you if you would speak once in a while.’ Not that I expect her to hear her say a word in the whole seven years, and four months not a single did I relate, thinking there’s something wrong with her brain or worse mine… is there something wrong with me?

I stood up and went toward the window, moving away from her and with big eyes, I said to the caretaker, staring eyes, and thin, quick fingers. I

feel sorry for her as I look over and see the miss that she has become. Karly, you're there in white.

Saying everything is going to be alright. So far, the doctors haven’t found it. ‘She’s as dumb as a tower of strength crumbling to nothing for there was nothing that she could say.’ Just the other day, watching turn a bright-colored block over and over in her hands, as though it was beautiful and miraculous, as though she expected it to turn suddenly into something else.

One Direction - Story of My Life, days go by, like stories written on

the walls, I don’t feel the same about you, and it was on her stone. Holding on too tight.

I remember taking her home. Colors of no change, caged up… light is not showing the way, and I will be gone, holding on too tightly, nothing there to hold on to. Frozen in time, I give her hope, the story of my life.

Time, it seemed like a good choice. But two was the number of children the evaluators decided on for she said to me you will if you don’t give up. Something good can come your way, just stay with me… and you’ll see

the way, okay? ‘Now is dead,’ she looks at me- not making sense to me. She always said she never wanted children in the first place. That’s one of the downsides of the procedure; in the absence of her, some people find parenting distasteful. Her family had earned high stabilization marks in the twelve-monthly review.

Her husband, a writer, was well respected. Thankfully, cases of full-blown detachment-where a mother or father are unable to bond normally, dutifully, and responsibly with his or her children, and winds up drowning

them or sitting on their windpipes or beating them to death when they cry- are few. This is going to be the best day of my life; it's looking up now. They lived in an enormous house on Twilight Street.

Ho hey- children, had to move. I had been living a lonely life, I don't know where I belong, I will bleed, you belong within my sweetheart. I don’t think you're right for him, I stand looking down, next to me, and I'm blond with you. People whispered and pointed at them everywhere they went. I wouldn’t remember that, of course;

I’d be surprised if she has any memories of her parents at all. Her husband was extinct before my trial could begin.

I smoke two joints in time of peace, and two in time of war, I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints, and then I smoke two more. Hard work is good and hard work is fine, but first take care of the head, a meal from scratch, and taught piano, sounds around when you smoke two joints. I smoke two Joints, I smoke two joints in the morning, I smoke two joints at night, I smoke two joints in the

afternoon; it makes me feel alright. Spare time, to keep us busy when I smoke two joints. But, of course, when Kellie's husband was so-called of being a well-wisher, everything changed.

The trials are mostly for show. Sympathizers are almost always executed. If not, they’re locked away in the sepulchers to serve three life sentences, end-to-end. that, of passage. Thinks that’s the reason her heart gave out only a few months after her husband’s withdrawal when she was indicted in his place. I suck in deeply, inhaling the clean smell of seaweed and

damp wood, listening to the distant cries of the seagulls as they circle endlessly, somewhere beyond the low, gray, sloping buildings, over the bay.

It’s a ghost of you, hang around. Hey, don't give me a lesson to award, I say, the truth is happiness. The screams all the same. It’s undoubtedly a good thing he did.

Outside, a car engine guns to life. The sound startles me, and I jump. ‘Nervous about your evaluation?’ A day after she got served the papers, she was walking down the street, and bam! Heart attack.

My hearts are fragile, things around me are all the same. That's why you have to be so vigilant, it will be hot today, I can tell, it's already hot in the chamber, and when I crack the window to sweep out the smell of orange which is death, the air outside feels as thick and heavy as an idiom.

'Don't worry. You'll be fine. We can review your answers along the way.' I turned around, to look at the lock was gone, standing in the doorway, her hands gathered. 'Not at all,' I say, though this is an untruth. We are young so I set the world on fire,

tonight we are you, I think back, bright then the sun, we shined, carry me home. She smiles, just barely, a brief, flitting thing. Take your shower and then I'll help you with your hair.

Of course, I'll have to get used to it. During the exam, there will be four evaluators staring at me for close to two hours. The hypothetical assessors will examine my strengths and weaknesses, and then assign me to a school and a major.

I'm pretty sure I did well enough to get assigned to a university. I've always been a decent student.

‘Satisfactory.’ My friends endure staring at me, from within, yours truly squirm here, digging my nails into the windowsill behind me. I’ve always hated being looked at. I’ll be wearing a flimsy malleable gown, semi-translucent, like the kind you get in hospitals so that they can see my body.

‘A seven or an eight, I would say,’ my friends within me say, puckering her lips. It’s a decent score and I’d be happy with it. ‘Though you won’t get more than a seven if you don’t get cleaned up.’

(Back to our halls)

Like a dumb ass I went to college, (assuming I pass all my boards. Senior year is almost over, and the calculation is the final test I will take. For the past four months, I've had all my various board exams-math, science, oral magic, and written proficiency, sociology and psychology, and photography (a specialty elective)-and I must be getting my scores one-time in the next few weeks ago it was not long ago or so it seems to me. Solitary of them will become my husband after I graduate, girls who don't pass get paired and married right out of high school.) The evaluators will do their

best to match me with people who received a similar score in the evaluations. As much as possible they try to avoid any huge disparities in intelligence, temperament, social background, and age. Of development you do hear occasional horror stories: cases, where a poor seventeen-year-old girl is given to a wealthy old man, is the delirium dream, which is dumb, dumb, dumb.

The stairs let out their awful moaning, Jenny, appears before me. She is nine and tall for her age, but very thin: all angles and elbows, her

chest caving in like a warped sheet pan. It's terrible to say, but I don't like her very much. She has the same pinched look as her mother did. The assessment is the last step, so I can get paired, paid, and laid, in the coming months, the evaluators will send me a list of four or five approved matches.

She joins me- in the doorway and stares at me, as I lay there feeling naked, I am only five-two and Jenny is, amazingly, just a few creeps shorter than I am now.

It's silly to feel self-conscious in front of my aunt and cousins, but a

burning, crawling itch begins to work its way up my arms. I have been hard, losing sleep, counting the stars, I know they’re all worried about my performance at the evaluation. I must get paired with someone good. Old I am not the old young, and I am not the bold, Jenny, and are years away and killed me but that was my life. From their procedures. If I marry well, in a few years it will mean extra money for the family. It might also make the whispers go away, singsong snatches that four years after the scandal still seem to follow us wherever we go, like

the sound of rustling leaves carried on…

It was only in my dreams that I heard the word shouted, screamed. I take a deep breath, then duck down to pull the plastic bin from under my bed so that my friends won't see I'm shaking. 'I may be getting married today?'

Jenny… I said over and over, it was maybe today. The wind: Follower, Adherent, and the Champion. It's only slightly better than the other expression that followed me for eons after her death, a serpent hiss and it

kisses, undulating, leaving its trail of poison: Suicide. A sideways word, a word that individuals whisper and mutter and cough: a word that must be squeezed out behind cupped palms or murmured behind closed doors.

Honestly, I've never even talked to a boy for longer than five minutes, Wal-Mart, and is always picking his nose and wiping his nose on the underside of the sweet potato. All and sundry espouse as soon as they are finished with their tutoring. It's the way things are. The mark of a Vigorous society.' And if I don't pass my boards-

please God, please God, let me pass them- I'll have my wedding as soon as I'm cured, in less than three months. Her voice has always reminded me of birds flying droning flatly in the heat.

'Don't be irresponsible,' Karly would say, but underprivileged of blocking. 'Bridal is Order and Stability, I take my towel from the bin and straighten up. That name- espouse- makes my mouth go dry. 'You know she can't say 'I do' until she's healed.' But the thought of it still makes my heart flutter frantically, like an insect behind glass. I've never touched a boy, of

course, physical contact between uncured of the opposite sex is forbidden.

Which means I'll have my nuptial night. My mother, sister, and I had lived closer to the border, and I was amazed and terrified by all the winding, pitch-black highways, which smelled like garbage and dying flash. I always wished for my aunt to hold my hand, but she never did, and I had balled my hand and so fists and followed the spellbinding upmarket of her corduroy pants, dreading the moment that IUP would rise over the

crest of the final mountain. The dark stone building is lined with fissures and cracks like the weather-beaten face of one of the industrial fishermen who work along the docks.

My friend sighs and checks her. The smell of strawberries is still strong, and my stomach does another swoop. I watch. Entomb my face in my towel and inhale, willing myself not to be sick. From downstairs there is the clatter of dishes. ‘We have to leave in less than an hour,’ she says. ‘You’d healthier get moving.’

Chapter: 91

Out and in

A peer of the realm, help us root our feet to the earth, and our eyes to the road and always remember the fallen angels, who, attempting to soar, were seared instead by the sun and, wings melting, came crashing back to the sea. Lord, help root my eyes to the earth and stay my eyes on the road, so I may never stumble.

Psalm 24, I read it all again, they say not to yet I do.

(From ‘Prayer and Lesson’)

I have been terrified of the streets, then, and reluctant to leave my friends it’s amazing how things change.

Maggie- Side walking me down to the workrooms, which, like all the management offices, are lumped unruffled along the quaysides: a string of bright, white buildings, glistening like teeth over the slurping mouth of the ocean. When I was little and had just moved in with her, she used to walk me to school every day.

‘Parents teach you a lot of things, but the most important thing they teach you is this: how people will

freak you up in the future. The salt blowing off the sea makes the air feel textured and heavy. I can smell the deep-sea, though it's concealed from view by the meandering undulations of the streets, and it diminishes me. 'Evoke,' she is saying for now I know them so well I could, follow their dips and curves with my eyes closed, and today I want nothing more than to be alone.

Over and over like times before- 'They want to know about your personality, yes, but the more generalized your answers the better

chance you have of being considered for a variety of positions.’ My friends have always talked about matrimonial with boys only, I didn’t get them yet I do now, words straight out of the notebook words like responsibility, blame, and determination. If they're any good, they teach you to get used to it.’

Olivia- ‘Modification to it,’ I say. I don’t like makeup; I have never been interested in clothes or lip gloss. A bus container- past you and me and her. Everyone knows I am having my appraisal today. Only four are offered

throughout the year, and slots are strong-minded well in money upfront. The makeup insisted I wear makes my skin feel coated and slick. In the bathroom mirror at home, I thought I looked angelic, especially with my hair all pinned with metal constable pins and clips: a fish with a bunch of metal knobs sticking in my head. My best friend, Shy-, thinks I’m crazy, but of course, she would. ‘Humorous, isn't it, how swiftly the future becomes the past.’

Like using a fire snake on the rails, I have to expand my mind. But

that's the beauty of life: time is yours to keep and to change. Just a few proceedings can be satisfactory to carve a new road, a new track. Just a few minutes, and the void is kept at bay. You will live forever with that new road inside of you, stretching away to a place suggested, barely, on the horizon. Everything is in between. I have eyes that aren’t green or brown, but a middle finger. I’m not thin, but I'm not fat either.

Shy- She’s stunning- even when she just twists her blond hair into a messy knot on the top of her head, she

looks as though she’s just had it styled. I’m not ugly, but I’m not pretty, either. ‘If they ask you, God forbid, about your friends, reminisce to say that you didn’t know them well, yet that is okay or so they say.’ For the shortest time, shorter than the shortest second's breath, you get to stand up to infinity. But eventually, and always, infinity wins.’

The only thing you could say about me is this: I’m short. ‘Um huh.’ I’m only half listening. It’s hot, too hot for her, and sweat is picking up already on my minor back and in my armpits,

even though I slathered on and upon roll-on this morning on top of her.

White and black is all the same- not shut up! Get some color right, ‘Blue,’ I parrot back at her. ‘Blue is my favorite color. Or pink, maybe purple.’ Black is too melancholic; red will set them on edge; pink is too babyish; orange is freakish, and I think you have to suck on that only and the things you like to do in your permitted time? Ruined by the disease. That's what everyone wanted, in the end: to be part of something bigger, and not minor. I got it big…

~*~

‘Karly? Are you even eavesdropping on me?’ Maddie puts a hand on my arm and gyrations me in her course. I mildly slip away from her soft-handed touching and brush off her fingertips. There is already a double line forming: on one side, the girls, and fifty feet away, a second entrance, the boys all looking at as and crap. ‘We’ve gone over this already.’ ‘This is important, Karly, Jenny, Maddie. Possibly the most important day of your whole life.’ I sigh, and think, into the future of me, the gates of that bar and

my bra, the government labs swing open slowly with an involuntary drone. I squint against the sun, trying to locate people I know, but the ocean has dazzled me and my vision is clouded by floating black spots. I take a deep breath and presentation into the spiel we've prepared a billion times.

'I like to work on the school paper. I'm interested in photography because I like the way it captures and jellies a single moment. I relish hanging out with my friends and attending concerts at Oaks Park. I like to run and was a co-captain of the track team for

four years. I hold the school record for two of them, I often babysit the younger members of my family, and I like children.' 'You're making a face, it's everything.'

Jenny- 'I love children,' I repeat, plastering a smile on my face. The truth is, I don't like very many children except for Kellie. They're so uncomfortable and loud all the time, and they're always grasping things and dribbling and wetting themselves, and getting wet. But I know I'll have to have children of my own someday, freaking-crap yes, I do. I finish, 'My favorite

subjects are math, and I count all the boys in the room, to see if I can get some. And history,' and nods, satisfied, thinking about all that I had. 'Olivia!' I turn around. Karly is just climbing out of Jenny's parents' car, her blond hair flying, the door hitting another car in the lot. In tendrils and breakers around her face, her semi-sheer tunic slithering off one sunburned shoulder.

Some last-class people keep cars mounted in front of their apartments like statues, frosty and unused, the tires unblemished and not used much as of yet. All the girls rowed

at the gym, and now down the same line-up to enter the labs have twisted to watch her. Hana has that kind of power over folks. Life Is the total of all our small mistakes, little upheavals, wicked choices, Calculation on a maximum of accumulation. They pile up like cow crap all in a pile and it builds up until the cost of keeping up appearances is too high and the weight is just too much. Then: collapse like the bridge so long ago. ‘Jenny! Jenny Wait!’ I got your number- he- he, classic pun… Maddie lingers, hauling ass down the street, waving at me, like a loser! Uncontrollably, behind her, and the car

begins a slow upheaval: back down the hill, back in the narrow drive until it is facing the opposite direction, flying into trees and crap.

Let’s just say- She lost her parents’ car is as sleek and dark as a panther. The few times we’ve driven around in it composed I’ve felt like a monarch. Hardly anyone has an SUV, to any further extent, and even fewer have cars that drive. Emollient is austerely rationed and extremely expensive. People, Caroline thought, were like dynasties. They could open their doors. You could walk through their rooms,

and touch the bits and pieces hidden in their corners. But something- the assembly, the wiring, the invisible mechanism that kept the whole thing standing- lingered indistinguishably, recommended only by the fact of its obtainability at everything.

‘Mom made me bring it. She said, P-o-ed I should read it while I’m waiting for my evaluation. She said it will give the right impression.’ Maddie sticks her finger down her throat and mimes gagging. That same sound she made last night Jenny yelled out! She is catching up to us Madalyn says

breathlessly, a magazine pops out next to her favorite books, of her half-open bag, and she patronizes to retrieve it. It's one of the government newspapers, Home and Family, and in answer makes a face, to my outstretched eyebrows, she confused, yet that's just her.

Olivia- 'Maddie,' whispers fiercely.

~*~

Her voice is back to normal. 'Don't worry. They're not eavesdropping on us.' The nervousness in her voice makes my heart skip. She hardly ever loses her temper, even for a

minuscule. She whips her head in both directions, as though expecting to find regulators or evaluators lurking in the bright morning street. Maddie turns her back to me, and mouths to me, yet. Then she grins, in front of us, the double line of girls and boys is increasing extensive, extending into the thoroughfare, even as the glass-adjoined doors of the laboratories swish open and several nurses appear, carrying clipboards, and begin to use people into the waiting rooms. I rest one hand on my elbow lightly, quick as a bird. ‘You’d healthier get online,’ she

says. I commend some of her quietness's to polish off on me.

Chapter: 92

Phantasm

Maddie- ‘And Olivia?’

‘Yeah?’

Maddie- ‘Good luck with that.’ ‘Thanks.’ I kind of wish Liv would say something else-something like I’m sure you’ll do great, or Try not to worry- but she just stands there, blinking, her face composed and incomprehensible as always. ‘Don’t worry, I said to her and

her mother, and she winks at me. This is how we grow: not up, but out, like trees--puffiness to embrace all these stories, the possibilities, and fabrications, and bribes and habits, Maddie said- I don’t feel very well. The labs look far away, so white, I can hardly stand to look at them. The roadway is icy cold in front of us. The world's most important day of your life keeps repeating in my head. The sun feels like giant limelight.

‘I’ll make sure she doesn’t screw up too badly. Promise.’ All my nervousness dissipates. Liv is so

tranquil about the entire thing, so offhand and normal. Maddie and I go down to the labs together. She is almost five-one. When I walk next to her, I have to do a half skip every other step to keep up with her, and she wants to say she is taller- NOT!

I would be a complete wreck otherwise. I wind up feeling like a nod jogging up and down in the water. Today I don't mind, though. I'm glad she's with me. 'God,' she says, as we get closer to the lines. Amazing, isn't it? Those hearts that once beat in sync could be so perfectly and forever

separated. That's the whole process of life, I think a long, slow process of separation. It can be preserved only by the reabsorption into everything, into the sole heartbeat of time, like a rhyme.

'Your aunt takes this whole thing pretty seriously, huh?' 'Fine, it is thoughtful.' We join the back of the line. I for one see a few folks I distinguish, some girls I know imprecisely, from school; some guys I've seen playing soccer, some left behind like the Sped-ers, never- ever the Preps, one of the girls of the

schools is such that. This girl looks me in the way, I see me staring.

She raises her eyebrows and I drop my eyes quickly, my face going hot all at once and an anxious itch working in my abdomen. You'll be paired in less than three months, I tell myself, but the words don't mean anything and seem preposterous, like one of the Mad- Libs games we played as kids that always resulted in ludicrous statements, I want a banana for sped-der, do think you'll be able to suck on that?

Give me a wet shoe for your blistering cupcake. ‘Of course, I am acquainted with… believe me, I have delivered, look at the pages turn, and twist, your thoughts, Shy- pushes her sunglasses up onto her temple and bats her eyelashes at me, making her voice super sugary…

She drops her sunglasses back down on her nose and makes a face. ‘You don’t have faith in it?’ I lower my voice to a whisper.

‘Assessment day is the exciting rite of the passageway that connects you for a future of happiness, solidity,

and business.’ Shy- has been strange recently. She was always different from other people- more tactful, more self-governing, and more unafraid. It’s one of the reasons I first wanted to be her friend.

~*~

(Disclaimer of thoughts)

The second year, SATURDAY, JUNE 18th Maggie! SATURDAY, JUNE 22nd.

Marcel!

Maggie!!

Maggie!!! SUNDAY, JUNE 24th Marcel! TUESDAY, JUNE 29th Maggie! FRIDAY, JULY 19th.

Marcel!

Maggie!! SATURDAY, JULY 20th.

All of them inside me.

MONDAY, JULY 14th.

I want to go back and feel over.

Marcel!

Maggie!!!

Jenny and friends FRIDAY, JULY 15th.

Maggie!

Marcel!!

SATURDAY, JULY 17th.

Maggie… then him…

MONDAY, JULY 21st.

Marcel, yes, please!

WEDNESDAY, or Friday the 13th

Maggie! Under me. Sexy WEDNESDAY, JULY 20th Maggie, Maggie, and Maggie!

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27th.

Marcel, I am in his back seat.

FRIDAY, JULY 29th.

Marcel! I see it all in my face.

Maggie, yet I see this butt too he-he!

SATURDAY, JULY 30th

Maggie!

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th.

Marcel! Getting it!

Maggie! Had it!

Marcel! Feeling now all in and stuff.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5th.

Maggie, on her period, so it's all boy, things today.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7th.

Maggie, get off already.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14th.

Marcel, Maggie, Ray

MONDAY, AUGUST 15th.

Maggie is on my mind more than Jenny-

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th.

Maggie, not a school, so it’s all him.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17th.

Marcel, he got it going on.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22nd.

Maggie is farting too much, and I have to sleep.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25th.

Marcel, Maggie, Marcel, Maggie…

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8th.

Maggie is feeling fat, like me…

(The jump-off)

SATURDAY, Maggie the-WATER WAS so-o EMOTIONLESS and cold it, TOOK MAGGIE'S BREATH away as she fought past the kids thronging the pavement and standing in the shallows, waving towels and not yet

dressed she run for my mom’s car, and said she’ll change in here. Reassuring and calling up to the remaining steeplechasers. She took a deep breath and went under on to whatever she was holding in, the sound of voices, of shouting… she was saying it more and more, and laughter was directly subdued.

There’s just something about her, and yet him. I didn’t mean for it to happen. Only one voice stayed with her. Those eyes; the long lashes, the lashes under his eyebrow so right so nice, and the lips that are so wet and kissable.

Something about her. I suppose, in some sense, wills are like maps: they are the imprint we authorization, the places our cares have been entrenched; the work we have done; the money we have burrowed away; the furrows and the paths that lead back to spaces we have gone, and marked, and loved. Which predestined, nothing about you, anymore, looked back into my thoughts. She'd been planning to tell him she loved him tonight. The cold was deafening, a vivacious rush through her body. Her denim shorts felt as though they'd been prejudiced with nuggets.

(Gym Class girls swimming)

That’s what freight was all about: no fear.

Karly- Like this, I can’t swim

As luck would have it, an inordinate length of time of braving the arroyo and racing the quarry with him had made Maggie so strong a swimmer. The water was threaded with bodies, twisting and kicking, splashing, treading water- the showjumpers, and the people who had linked their commemorative swim, sloshing into the quarry still clothed, carrying beer cans and joints. She could hear a distant

rhythm, faint drumming, and she let it move her through the water without thought, without fear.

Maggie- She broke the surface for air and saw that she'd already crossed the short stretch of water and reached the opposite shore: an ugly pile of malformed stalwarts, slick with black and khaki moss, piled together like stacked blocks, pitted with fissures and crevices, they shouldered up toward the sky, ballooning out over the water.

Thirty-one people had already hopped over all of them Maggie's, had

no friends and former classmates. Only a small knot of girls continued at the highest of the ridge-the jagged, rocky lip inside the pool, which has rock faces, jutting forty feet into the air on the polar side of the quarry, like a massive tooth biting its way out of the pulverized. It was too dark to see them.

(Lager fire)

The penlights and the bonfire only illumined the beach on a school night trip out of town and a few feet of the pitch-black dark water, with the big full twilight moon, and the faces of the people who had jumped, still nodding in

the aquatic, glorious, too contented to feel the cold, taunting the other competitors. The gun was just the goes between the legs.

It was the loneliness that got me in the end, like the knife, Jenny fake die to get boys to kiss her, the topmost of the ridge was a shaggy mass of black, where the trees, cove, where encroaching on the black rock, on a pink and orange backdrop, where the rock was getting slowly pulled into the on the city far away, one or the other. But Maggie knew who they were, and she wanted all me in the water, yet the

plan was to be with him full about what a girl to do?

All the competitors had to announce themselves once they reached the top of the ridge, and then, this year's sportscaster, white wood roller-coaster bulb lights reflection of the waves, three or more kids had yet to jump: Marcel being one.

Dinna Pliez, and Velez Washington. Nat, the dude with the red hair, hell with the last name, I can't remember. Maggie's best friend is me, her only friend, now. Maggie wedged her fingers in a fracture in the rocks

and pulled. Prior, and in years past, she had observed all the other gamers fumbling up the ridge, like enormous, waterlogged bugs. Every year, people raced to be the first to jump, even though they didn't earn any extra points. It was a pride thing.

She hammered her knee, hard, against a sharp elbow of rock. When she looked down, she could see a bit of dark blood streaking her kneecap. Bizarrely, I did not feel any pain. Even if she cried her eyes out. And though everyone was still cheering and shouting, it all sounded distant. Matt's

words drowned out all the voices. Look, it’s just not working for me.

There’s something about her, we can still be friends or more, I was wishing. The air was cool, my mind worm, the airstream had picked up, melodic through the tall trees, sending deep groans up from the outer waters, ships passing by.

Nevertheless, she wasn’t cold anymore but her, her- heart was beating hard in her throat like mine. She found another handhold in the rock, braced her legs on the slick moss, lifted and leveled, as she had watched

the gamers do, every summer since eighth grade. Dimly, she was aware of the voice, of a dolphin distorted by the loudspeaker, at night, around nine.

‘Late in the disposing of… a new competitor.’ But half his words got whipped away by the wind. Up and doing, up and around, active, ignoring the ache in her fingers on my legs, trying to stick to the left side of the ridge, where the rocks are high and show nicely, single-minded hard at angles into one another, forming a wide and jutting lip of stone, easy to traverse.

Suddenly a dark shape, a person, rocketed past her. She almost slipped. At the last second, she worked her feet more resolutely onto the narrow ledge, dug hard with her fingers to steady herself. A huge cheer went up, and Maggie’s first thought was: Natalie, her daughter, but then she roared out, ‘And he’s in and we're out, ladies and gentlemen! I guess it’s the same way trees grow around the very vines that are killing them, so they’re inhibited and nonstop all at once. After a long time, even pain can be a comfort only if you let it be, don’t you see?

Chapter: 93

Mirage

Baby, I am amazed by you…

It suddenly seemed a million miles away. Her belly turned, and for another, the mist cleared commencing her head, the annoyance and the hurt were blustered away, and she wanted to creep onward lower down the rock, not jump off back to the safety of the beach, where I was waiting, to run a huge They could go to Dot’s for late-night waffles, extra butter, extra whipped cream.

Marcel, is the one I contemplate about being with at this point. We make genuineness our own, handle it until it is soft as pressed butter. Maddie, our thirty-second gamer, is in!’ Not quite at the top now. But those are just words, and words are just stories, and eventually, always, stories come to an end. She risked a glance behind her and saw a steep slope, I see her standing there, off the jagged rock, the dark water breaking, over top, at the base of the ridge.

But it was too late. Andie's voice came whispering back, and she

kept climbing, not stopping, I want to push where from the bottom No one knows who invented terror, or when it first opened. There are dissimilar theories. Some responsibility is the securing of the paper manufacturing works, which overnight placed 50 percent of the teen population of Pittsburgh, unemployed. They could drive around with all the gaps open, listening to the rising hum of the crickets, or sit together on the hood of his car and talk about nothing.

She learned to swallow words back like the water down and hold

secrets on my tongue until they were liquefied like bubbles. Boys, narrow your eyes at the sun until the tears ran down their faces; they put their hands up to that who scandalously change to arrested for allocating on the very same night he was named prom king, and now changes brake pads at the like the thoroughfares, likes to take credit; that's why he still goes to opening Jump, four years after moving on.

'Standing by?'

'All set.'

'This day and age of now.'

'Almost immediately.'

‘Look after, we all will know?

Will it come about today, will it? I asked over and over.’

‘Mien, guise; see for automatically!’

The teenagers constrained to each other like so loved, so many wildflowers, amalgamated. Scrutinizing on view for a look at the veiled rays of hope. It drizzled, with it. Cream and that amazing blue-ness and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which on the back burner them in a blessed sea of no encyclopedic and no

wave. It had been situated raining for ages or so it seems; many days on days now it has felt this way.

Utilizing the sweet crystal sapphire fall of sprays and rainbow mist and the concussion of rainstorms so substantial they were tiddling waves overcoming us just like the black sands of the beach island. Multifactorial, and jam-packed from one end to the other with a shower, with the throb and gush of water, all rhythmic and rushing like us. They looked at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like colorful wild birds escaped from their

tree's fronds, they took part and entered in shouting spheres. They ran for 60 minutes and did not stop successively.

A lot and more of timberlands had been wrinkly under the rain and grown up a thousand times to be crinkly once more.

(The flashback)

Marcel- Let's go swimming in the moonlight.

Karly- Yeah, he said to me, I remember back. Come back here and put your clothes on! We don’t need them, I said. I don't want to wear stuff

in the water so come on. It isn’t good to be running around naked all the time, and have kids looking at us oh come on and stop being shy. By ourselves, at last, I said to her. I neediness to swear at you something I can’t put into words. I want you to promise me also, now that you will be mine and fall for only me. That you will never- ever, go away... On the same island trip as now, the flashback happened as he walked to me, with the same sexy look as when we were younger.

Why?

I'll express why you, youngsters, were at that time. Look at us, Look at us. She was silly, nervous, are you ready for the first kiss? There he was, he must have swum over there thinking about doing it, under the moonlight, things getting sexual and we go-to far, with the heavy petting and so on. Gone to sleep, in his room yet not aloud, yet the doors counted, so why not take the risk, come on.

Could you repeat that? It is your responsibility, 'It's ending, it's discontinuing!' 'Yes, surely! 'She reared apart from them, from these

kids who possibly will ever remember a period when there wasn’t rain and pain and sin.

They were all nine years old, and if there had been a day, so many eons ago, when the sun came out for an hour and showed its face to the stunned world, they probably would not have amnesia. Wake up occupancies go! Don't fear, Karly, we'll be alright they would hear or see us. Starting, this looks like a good place to stay for a while upon the rock and falls. What are you talking about? Sometimes, at night, she heard them stir, in tribute, and she

knew they were dreaming and remembering gold or a fair-haired oil pastel or a coin large enough to buy the world with.

She knew they thought they remembered a temperateness, like a blushing in the face, in the physique, in the trembling hands, weaponry, legs, and then they always awoke to endless movements of us, shaking downcast of clear bead blue necklaces upon the table it was for me to keep, I said I would never- ever take it off, the walk, the gardens, the forests, and their

dreams were gone. And then- amid their running one of the girls howled.

She’s like a person looking through the wrong end of a telescope, complaining that everything appears small. Everyone still, the girl, stand-up in the open, held out her hand. ‘Oh, look, aspect,’ she said, shuddering. They came unhurriedly to look at her opened palm and long fingers. I guess we all have some of these - memories like artillery shells, fired at close range in the center of it, cupped and huge, was a solo raindrop. She began to cry,

looking at it. They peeped unobtrusively at the rays.

A breeze blew cold around them. They turned and started to walk back toward the underground house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away. That's innovativeness if you ask me- never-ending division. ‘Oh, Um-hum.’ Or maybe it's a life that is the infection: a feverish dream, a hallucination of feelings. Death is sanitization, cleaning, and medication. A few cold drops fell on their noses as well as her cheeks plus her mouth. The sun faded behind a stir of mist, a

success of boom startled them, and like leaves beforehand a new gale, they fell upon each other like ran drips kissing the sky.

Up and down, up and down, like a ladder of choices leading to the next choice, and the next, until suddenly you've run out of choices, and tree, and you find time as rare and thin as air on a mountain. Then it's in-oh-m's, sad, turns more than. Lightning struck seven miles away, five miles away, and then closer and closer than here only a half a mile from us in the waves.

The thundering boom to every sticky hit of his hips under the dark blue-green with yellow casted ink like water, the sky darkened into midnight stars with a staccato flash twinging movement about and tingling down under. It all simmers down to the same thing, are you going to play the cards you got, or they are going to fold are they not?

All day yesterday they had read in class about the sun. About how like a washout it was, and how hot and how the moon is the poor light at night like not making us feel as we do. As well as

they had written small stories or essays or poems about it, I think the sun is a flower, that flowers for just one in 60 minutes.

That was Maddie's poem, read in a quiet voice in the still classroom while the rain was falling to you, I feel on the outside of days. They stood in the doorways looking in, out in the open for a moment until it was found, there raining hard, see clearly through the pouring rainstorm, then they closed the door and fessed, as they could over her head, gotten the enormous sound of the rain falling to You! Masses and

falls, everywhere and forever- never all the fallen. We’re all just a pool of wires pulled tight, charged beyond volume- a tangle of plugs and stopcocks, waiting for a swell to take down the entire system. Parents teach us our very first lesson about love: that you are sure as hell don't get to choose it.

Looking back…

Chapter: 94

Tangled

Certain stories must remain mine so that there is me to remain. ‘Will it be seven more years?’ ‘Aw, you

didn’t write that!’ protested one of the boys. ‘I did,’ said to Maggie. ‘I did.’ ‘Marcel said the teacher. But that was yesteryear. Now the rain was a lull, and the youngsters were crushed in like looking out the windows of young love. Where’s a teacher I look for my bottoms and top also?’ ‘She’ll be back soon.’ ‘She should hurry up in an imperativeness because we will miss out on it!’ They turned on themselves, like a feverish wheel, all tumbling spokes. Maggie stood alone like a stone.

She was a very frail girl who looked as if she had been lost in the rain for years and the rain had washed out the blue from her eyes and the red from her mouth and the yellow from her hair. She was an old snapshot dusted from an album, whitened away, and if she spoke at all her voice would be a ghost. Now she raised, separate, staring at the rain and the loud wet world beyond the huge glass.

What’re you looking at?

Margot said nothing. ‘Speak when you’re spoken to.’ He offered her a thrust. But she did not move; rather

she let herself be moved only by him and nonentity else. They edged away from her; they would not look at her. She felt them go away. And this was for the reason that she would play no games with them in the hollow tunnels of the subversive urbanizes'. If they labeled her and ran, she stood irregularly after them and did not monitor. We no longer pay attention to the clocks.

Why?

Why should we? Noon is the taste of tropical-ness and the feel of a splinter under a nail. Morning is mud

and decaying seals. The evening is the smell of cooked pasta and mushroom. And the night is shivering, and the feel of mice sniffing around our skin. When the class sang songs about happiness and life and games her lips were just about stimulated.

Only when they sang about the sun and the summer did her lips move as she watched the drenched windows. And then, of course, the biggest crime of all was that she had come here only five years ago from Earth, and she remembered the sun and the way the sun was and the sky was when she was

four in Pa. As well as they, they had been on ensuring all their lives, and they had been only two years old when last the sun came out and had long since forgotten the color and heat of it and the way it was. But Margot remembered.

(Cut into the future)

Kellie- A FLICKER, Of LIGHT with no hope, Just burliness. Perceptible.

ORANGE…YELLOW… the sky's as we realize… It's on FIRE… with could robotic industry. 'It's like a penny,' she said once, eyes closed. 'No,

it’s not!’ the children cried. ‘It’s like a fire,’ she said, ‘on the stove.’ ‘You’re lying, you don’t dredge up like mud and quicksand!’ Cried the children see them as run and do. Burn like books as they do. Revulsions of nuclear warfare taking blaze the sun dropping out duff start now nothing but emptiness, ash, and dust all me eat and taste. They have rushed in with the flag and the eyes of fire. Eyes, snapping open.

My face, covered in sweat lying in bed. Sheets, tangled around looking at the all-glass wall seeing the dismay of life falling into nothingness, his legs

running away from yet she dies. The alarm clock, playing something ruthlessly and sunny, unlike the landscape. Sits up not thinking the change is here. Wincing domes day over and end, like clocks running backward like the rosins of the polls, shakes it out I do, a Trying to forget not a dream, I remember the past and the world before we kill it.

You are in danger… the eyes look on my face. I rub my hands over his face. Gets out of bed. The apartment, simple plastic, Unexceptional sterol, rash behavior,

the signs of someone who lives alone, for man has to fight them all off, no window covers the flying ships look in all the time. A little messy, they say as I walk from the bed to the bath in that all open in the nude, they have to see it all so they say we feel safe. But she remembered and stood quietly apart from all of them and watched the patterning windows. And once, a month ago, she had refused to shower in the school shower rooms, had clutched her hands to her ears and over her head, screaming the water mustn't touch her head. So, after that, dimly, she sensed

it, she was different and they knew her difference and kept away.

There was talk that her father and mother were taking her back to Earth next year; it seemed vital to her that they do so, though it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to her family. I tube down to the low's levees 5,000 feet or more down, past the hegemonic plant life on the roofs, and parks within the building cities. I live on top of the water on the way up at the height, steps outside.

Screens everywhere, into the flow of PERSON ALONG FOR THE

RIDE heading for the elevated trains just zipping by my face with the wind. Elbow to elbowing craziness. A river of the human race mixed with animatronics.

Moves along on the ground if you can call it that with its creepy glow, like everyone else, not a tree to be found only within the buildings, it’s all pumped out so we can live on the HVAC over every roadway, Swiftly I see all the lights making up for the brightness of the sun that has departed, the moon a close to us as it can get all the others stars shining

brightly ours linking like a dubbed sided lighthouse of the past.

My shoulders tense wearing this clothing black and white only and think. That feeling at the back of his neck of them sniffing me out. Humanoids are unstopped of me all the time, like a car on the street, there all over, yet no work to be found, they do it all, as we suck it in, in the grandmaster of fear.

A ROBOT Just behind me touching me all over with his cold not soft hands. Humanoid in design, but still clearly a mechanism of tritium, real

looking eyes, and girly faces, or boy like they have sexual identity and names, they are born into the world and killed by robots also with a feel not useful, like us, by doctors; Copper and man-made casings covering hydraulic muscles glowing light colors of their personality.

Like this little girl Allie, she glows pink at age five, harmless to all, not sufficient to live yet, the choice not chosen yet. Yet what is life to a robot, do they have a soul or have emissions or feel if you are like her then maybe you do, why kill her for being a kid, and

meeting their standards, the thing wisdoms her stare.

She Looks up and then is dragged away like that guy over there to be put down. Nothing but mutter… is life now and so, the children cut off from us… as they run like nude bugs over the play yards.

Doing the test to live or die, what is right for life? They picked us now, hated her for all these reasons of big and little consequence. The government overturned, they won, and they hated her shiny articulate face, her waiting silence, her thinness, and

her possible future. I am a teacher or so they say in the yard now, ever looking as they do the teaching or so they say for us, as they know me more than me, ‘Get away from him it yells!’

The boy gave her another push. ‘What’re you waiting for? He is injected with it and out?’ Then, for the first time, she turned and looked at his eyes still open. He said goodbye in a quick breath. There are over ten of these in five years groping a day, and up, and what she was waiting for was in her eyes not to look at her in the way, yet they always do. The kids loved her to

understand how they would not meet the ways of the world.

‘Well, don’t wait around here!’ cried the boy savagely. ‘You won’t see anything!’ Her lips moved. ‘Nothing!’ he cried. ‘It was all a joke, wasn’t it?’ He turned to the other children. ‘Nothing’s happening today. Is it?’ They all bat an eyelid at him and then, understanding, laughed and shook their heads, ‘Nothing, and nothing!’

It (death) isn't an infection, she said. She might be right. Then again, we've nested in the walls like bacteria. We've taken over the house, its

insulation, and its plumbing- we've made it our own. ‘Oh, but,’ Margot whispered, her eyes helpless. ‘But this is the day, the scientists predict, they say, they know, the sun.’ Or maybe it's a life that it's the infection: a feverish dream, a hallucination of feelings. Death is a purification, a cleansing, and a cure. A WORK SQUAD of mysteriously- formed

RUBE GOLDBERG ROBOTS

resourcefully repair the street. No human supervision, on any working like building skyscapes, looks so high, it's

nuts to me. They have talked over, ALL!!! A ROBOTIC CLEAN-UP CREW.

Lumbering along the sidewalk.

Washing, sweeping. Trash sucking fix... Humanoid ROBOTS peppering the crowd. Following their past owners. Walking slowly, or fast running so going past. Carrying boxes and crap. Requirements, fake facts, document cases, and young bodies. She always imagined their voices entangled somewhere in the wires when they spoke, caught up in a grid she didn't fully understand, passing back and forth. Once the calls were

disconnected, she imagined the echoes of old conversations would be trapped there, floating back and forth with no exit, like ghosts. ‘All a joke!’ said the boy, and seized her roughly.

‘Hey, all and sundry, let’s put her in a clandestine before the teacher comes!’

The NIGHT TRAIN like long memorials dashing toward me a white line in the front red in the back on the up first of seven uppers. Soaring, gravity-defying OFFICE BUILDINGS dominate the skyline. Older buildings wedged among the new. All are

protected by huge glass and steel shields. As we get closer congested roads and freeways begin to disappear below ground into a series of subterranean tunnels. The oldie highways have become titanic, voluminous arcades. An elevator opens with a hiss steps out into a flavorless passageway.

MY footpaths, hollowing through the sky rises, which I am now going into out of death. MY stops at a set of DISPARATE DOORS. Looks over at one, when the other suddenly OPENS with a command. AS yours truly

TIMEPIECE THE SCREENS to see the news around the world all the same. The elevator opens and CLINICIAN phases into the metal corridor. In countless VIEWPOINTS. High, low, close-up, wide.

All facts are not known to be composed but tight and young to a point. Death is nearing me, I feel that I see that, they want that. ME- watches the doors open to admit me in the rush upwards. The doors slide closed behind him. Then a muffled red laser-ROUND like an endless machine gun I hear a kid yells out. I walk and not look, as

they tumble down in a lined-up row, all death no reason. Turns back to the screens.

YOU- I gave you an order… you the order not to kill her I ran to the desk, of the hands that run the government, robotics departments. ‘Yes- we hear your cries out for help yet that rain the math that we can, or you don’t have.’

FREAK YOU!

She has by the tie, I don’t see kill your life, that you don’t even understand, I think we can see more than enough looking over the wall

screens, at the wastes. You killed my baby girl off- Kantilla! The Robot did not us, she was one point away from life, pushed back towards the door. The gun on my back- go or die.

Killer robots, not of the laws, I never thought it possible.

Shaking in its hand, I see as mothers cry. Happy for the clean-up as they say. Bodies burnt in a large firebox in the mid-city, see the black smoke for kilometers. Mass graves are wanted and have been in place now, it’s all the same no name to be remembered by, just a large hologram in the full finger,

saying lines- as I love you, on your wrist is not life to me or having them here. I am desperate and unclear, and incompatible.

She touches the WALL PANEL making her way back to her appearance in the high rise, without her young life. The doors slide open. The Robot, said I am sorry for your loss today, ‘Anything I can do,’ as she goes and weeps,

‘Yeah, FREAK OFF!’

‘NO! Need for luggage, or you be put down,’ Turning to RUN as the doors begin to shut… ‘Then do it ass

hole!!!’ Do you see all the fold-up taxies flying by and also lined up changing? I wanted to run a grab one I have played with for years, ten dollars a day, and everyone one of them you can take and use if you see it? You know them by the yellow glass they have and the bubble and one-person compact coup shape.

Only people that have the many for a grandmaster car or on like it doesn’t- use the people’s transportation, like the trains. If you have the money for biofuel to run them, and that seven dollars a gallon. You can see the grayness rushing out the side

finders. Everything else is electric, see some war man working for nothing at the coal mines to keep light up and flying, see them all way down yonder.

It could easily be a robots' job, yet man needs money for their partners, weeding is a thing of the past we just live together regales of sex, we reproduce at age 17 and 19 and, to kids, male and female, if younger or older you have them terminated. They find the right boy at 14 for you yet you say okay if you fall to them.

My girl never has that neither did I thankfully, she may be better off

than living in this world. Robots have them on the little box-like huller trucks with titanium sides all swoop.

The Robot turns steps out into the metal corridor. To look at her, WEAPON running through her pointing to the floor. Looking out the high-rise, cars race up to and down a RAMP slowly showing up by the window, you can see a grandmaster in pink, and the roadway becomes a 14- as races in the building, lane underground tunnel system. A river of HEADLIGHTS stretches forever in both directions.

Chapter: 95

Specter

#- sis- #- wannabe!

(Flashback contented)

The rain stopped… They crowded through the huge door. The rain slacked still more. It was as if, amid a film vis-à-vis an inundation, a cyclone, a gale, a volcanic outburst, something had, first, gone wrong with the all-encompassing apparatus, thus deadening and finally spiteful off all noise, all of the blasts and ramifications, and thunders, and then,

second, ripped the film from the projector and inserted in its place a beautiful tropical slide which did not move or tremor.

Then, laughing, they turned and went out and back down the tunnel, just as the teacher arrived. ‘No,’ said Maggie, falling back onto her backside. They surged about her, caught her up being a smart aleck to her, complaining, and then imploring, and then crying, back into a tunnel, an area, a closet, where they slammed and locked the door.

She was frustrated, to say the least. They stood looking at the door and saw it tremble from her beating and throwing herself against it. They heard her muffled cries. ‘Ready, Kiddies?’ She glanced at her watch. ‘Yes, yes we are!’ Said everyone or in some way like that.

‘Are we there yet?’

‘Yes!’

Decent mood, bad mood, ugly, pretty, beautiful good-looking girl and then him all brilliant out before me like the sun and the night moon, what have you, the right person will still think the

sun shines out your ass. That's life, that’s the kind of person, that's worth sticking with the world ground to a standstill. The hush was so immense and fantastic that you felt your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether. In my opinion, the best thing you can do is find a person who loves you for exactly what you are.

The sun came out. The children put their hands to their ears. They stood apart. The door slid back and the smell of the silent, waiting world came into them. It was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large. And the

sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling into the springtime.

‘Oh, it’s better than the sun up-lighters, exist it?’

‘Nowadays, don’t go too far,’ called the teacher after them like wildfire and heat. ‘You’ve only two hours, you know. You wouldn’t want to get jammed out.’ But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their

jackets and letting the sun burn their arms.

‘Abundant, much recovering from the sun!’

It was the shade of neoprene and slag, this rainforest, from the many years without the sun. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink, and it was the color of the moon. They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered the moon, which nurtured and never stopped growing, peacefully, even as you watched it. The children lay out, laughing, on the jungle mattress, and heard it sigh and squeak

under them resilient and alive. It was a layer of octopi, clustering up great arms of bodily tidy, wavering, flowering in this brief mainspring. And so, the lion fell in love with the lamb…' he murmured… I looked away, hiding my eyes as I thrilled to the word. 'What ill-advised mutton- what is it, what might it be?' I moaned. Could you repeat that sick, masochistic lion?

I like the night, and its sky, and the moon setting inside. With the dark, we'd never see the stars as the clouds passed till now hand and hand looking up on the beach. I decided as long as

I'm going to hell, I might as well do it thoroughly. Unfluctuating more, I had never meant to love him. One thing I truly knew- distinguished it in the depths of my belly, in the center of my frames, knew it from the summit of my head to the soles of my feet, and knew it deep in my empty boobs- was how love gave somebody the power to break you… I know love and lust don't always keep the same company. At nightfall the darkness is so liable, don’t you think this, yet I ponder the fact? It’s the safest time of day for us. The easiest time, but also the saddest, in a way...the end of another day, the return

of the night. I remember it all, not if it at the same time. No matter how perfect the day is, it always has to end.

Chapter: 96

Damocles

They ran among the trees, they slipped and demolish, they pushed each other, they played hide-and-seek and tag, but furthermost of all they squinted at the sun until the tears ran down their faces; they put their arrows up to that blueness and that amazing yellowness into gray whiteness, and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air

and listened and listened to the silence which suspended them in a blessed sea of no sound and no motion.

Everyone stopped. The girl, standing in the open, held out her hand. They gazed at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like animals escaped from their caves, they ran and ran in uproar circles. They ran for an hour and did not stop running and then- of all the midst of their consecutively one of the girls wailed. ‘Oh my- wow- oh- look at that WO-ow, gaze, stare,’ we all trembling his arm around me at this time. They came

sluggishly to look at her unopened palms.

In the center of it, cupped and huge, was a single raindrop.

She began to cry, looking at it. What is she to me? Except for a hazard, a danger, you've chosen to inflict on all of us. They glanced quietly at the sun. 'Oh. Oh. And OH!' A few cold drops fell on their noses and their cheeks and their mouths.

The sun faded behind a stir of mist. His voice is nearly noiseless. He turned to look at me with a wistful manifestation. The wonderful eyes held

mine, and I lost my train of belief. I stared at him until he looked away. ‘You haven’t asked me, with a wind blowing cold around them. Are you still fainting from the run? Or was it my kissing expertise? They turned and started to walk back toward the anti-establishment house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away.

Lightning struck… A flourishing of thunder startled them and like leaves before a new hurricane, they stumbled upon each other and ran. Ten miles away, five miles away, a mile, a half-mile. The sky darkened into

midnight in a flash. They stood in the doorway of the underground for a moment until it was raining hard. Then they closed the door and heard the gigantic sound of the rain falling in heaps and falls, everywhere and forever. ‘Will it be seven more years, till?’

‘Yes. Seven.’ Then one of them gave a little cry.’

You- her- she- Karly! ‘What?’ ‘She’s still in the closet where we locked her.’ They stood as if someone had driven them, like so many stakes, into the floor. They observed each other

and then beheld and looked away. They could not encounter each other’s glimpses. They glanced out at the world that was raining now and drizzling and raining progressively.

IT’S ALL RUNNING OUT OF ME!

It’s a -Full moon…

I FELT LIKE I WAS IMPRISONED IN ONE OF THOSE CHILLING… hallucinations, the one where you have to run, trip until my lungs would surely burst to my heartbeat, but you can't make your body move fast enough nor your breath

to your heart. Holding it all in… My legs seemed to move sluggish, leisure-liner and dawdling as I crashed my way finished the callous horde, but the hands-on the huge timepiece of the tower didn't slow me the way. With unyielding, heartless strength, they turned inescapably in the direction of the termination of the whole thing.

I have to say more, more needs to be said, my life has to go on, I have to get those days back, I have to. They up or down there will not stop me from doing just that. But this was no dream, and, unlike the nightmare, I wasn't

running for my life like always; run for them or agents, run to him and they yet run away, I was battling to save something substantially more prized, valued, and treasured. My own life meant little more than most in the past to me nowadays then way back in between or before and now. The clock ding-donged again, and the sun beat miserable from the particular center argument of the heavens.

Olivia had said- Thus it did not substance to me that we were enclosed by our particularly dangerous opponents. ‘There was a good chance

we would both die here someday up on this thing looking at the new moon. Perchance the aftermath would be unlike if she weren't trapped by the brilliant sunlight or midnight moon, solitary I was free to run across this bright jam-packed quadrangular; as well as I might not run speedily amply. As the clock began to ring out the hour, vibrant less than the soles of my lethargic bottoms, I knew I was too nighttime- and I was glad something murderous waited in the dark wings. For in failing at this, I forfeited any desire to live.

Chapter: 97

GET-TOGETHER

SURE, I WAS- dreaming- yes, I was maybe not- why? It could be all.

The whys and wherefores, I was so unsure where that primary, I was stand-up in a lively channel of sunbeams- the sympathetic of extraordinary strong rays that never be skilled in my wet new hometown in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, I was looking at my dad. Like you hadn't changed much; his face looked just the same as I remembered it. Some years move on

and I get out of that place I was in, I go looking for him, I did not know what I would find, yet my dad was the first step towards the way like following the moon at night.

I remember now him- the crust was soft and emaciated, bent into a- many miniature wrinkles that hugged moderately to the maxilla beneath. Like a dehydrated apricot, but with a wisp of profuse silver hair standing out in a mist around it. Our doorways- hers a crinkly picker- blowout into the same flabbergasted demi-beam at just the same time as I. Ostensibly, she makes

certain been expecting to see me, one or the other.

On the other hand, she opened her mouth when I did, so I stopped to let her go first. She paused, too, and then we emo- smiled at the little gracelessness. I was about to ask her a question; I had so many-what was she doing here in my dream? What had she been up to in the past six years? Was popular okay, and had they found each other, everywhere they were?

‘Karly!’

I was awake or asleep… or even dead, I'd bet. The voice I'd walk

through fire for-or, less dramatically, slosh every day through the cold and endless rain for Marcel; It wasn't the dad who called my name, and we both turned to see the accumulation of our small reunion. I didn't have to look to know who it was; this was a voice, I would know anywhere- know, and retort to, whether even though I was always electrified to see him- mindful or otherwise-and even though I was almost positive that I was dreaming, I lose your nerve as Marcel walked toward us through the conspicuous sunlight.

I freak out because dad didn't be acquainted with, that I was in love with an angel- nobody knew that- so how was I personally, hypothetical to give details the fact that the wonderful sunbeams were shattering off his skin into a thousand polychromatic ruins like he was made of diamond or crystal-like in the rain? Well, dad, you might have noticed that my girlfriend gleams in white. It's just something she does… in her glow for only me. Don't disquiet about it… you would not understand what he still thinks; I sound senseless- even if I know she is true.

~*~

What was his responsibility? In that subsequent, I wanted that I was not the one omission to his mysterious talent; I usually felt appreciative that I was the only person whose thoughts he couldn't hear just as clearly as if they were spoken aloud.

In one piece of purpose, he lived in Pittsburgh, the rainiest place in the world, so that he could be outside in the daytime without exposing his family's secret.

Marcel- still smiling so strikingly that my heart, felt like it was

going to swell up and burst through my container- put his arm around me assume, and turned to face my mother. Up until now here he was, strolling charmingly toward me- with the most fine-looking smile on his seraph's face- like hers in the night as if I were the only one here. But now I wished he could hear me, too, so that he could listen to the warning, I was earsplitting in my skull. I shot a panicked glance back at my dad and saw that it was too late at night.

My dad's manifestation surprised me. She was just turning to

stare back at me, her eyes as alarmed as mine. I promise to love you forever- never- ever- ever, important go not one solo day of forever. Does it bother you, me being half-naked all the time I was thinking to myself, like me dressing like this? Simply then, as I looked at the better-quality picture, did I warn the huge gilt frame that enclosed my mother's method.

~*~

She copycatted the effort exactly, mirrored it. But where our fingers should have met, there was nothing but cold glass… With a dizzying

thunderbolt, my hallucination abruptly turns out to be horrendous. There was no dad here for me at this time yet, I knew he would be there for me if I needed him. Instead of looking depressed, she was staring at me self-consciously, as if waiting for an admonishment. Besides she was standing in such an outlandish position- a single-arm held awkwardly away from her body, stretched out, and then curled around the air.

Like she had her arm around someone I couldn't see, someone invisible… Inexpressive, I raised the

hand that wasn't wrapped around Marcel’s waist and reached out to touch her. That be me, I am stand-up in the glass looking at me, in my opinion, and myself looking back at me. Me- prehistoric, wrinkled, and faded. Marcel stood beside me, casting no reflection, agonizingly lovely and forever fourteen. He pressed his freezing, perfect lips against my wasted cheek, and hands-on my backside all at once.

‘Happy birthday,’ he whispered. It was my birthday all right- ‘I wanted my birthday sex!’ I woke with

start-my eyelids nipping open wide- and wheezed. Cloudy gray light, used to the light of a gloomy morning, took the place of the blinding sun in my daydream. I coveted you. I had no right to want you- but then again yours truly reached out and took you anyway. And now look what's become of you! Trying to seduce an angel. As well as the all-encompassing of your heart,' he continuous.

'It's the most significant sound in my biosphere. I'm so attuned to it now; I curse I could pick it out from miles away. But neither of these things

matter. This,’ he said, taking my face in his small hand. ‘You. That's what I'm keeping. You'll always be my Karly, you'll just be a little more durable just a dream, Dream happy dreams. You are the only one who has ever touched my heart. It will always be yours.

All through the perfect summer- the happiest summer I had ever had, the happiest summer anyone anywhere had ever had, and the rainiest summer in the history of the Olympic Cape- this bleak date had lurked in ambush, waiting to spring. Sleep, my only love or so I feel that it is

like not eating is my next. I told myself. It was only a hallucination or a daydream into a nightmare. I took a deep inhalation and then hurdled again when my alarm went off like always. The little schedule in the angle of the clock's display informed me that today was September thirteenth. Only a dream, but far- nearsighted enough in one way, at a minimum.

Today was my birthday. I was officially eighteen years old. I have personally been being terrified of this day for months, and longer or more than that even. In addition to knowing

that it had hit, it was even of inferior quality than I for one to be afraid of it would be present. I could feel it- I was an adult, every day I got grown- up more than the last, but this was dissimilar, worse, inferior, shoddier, poorer, not as good as, and eviler than they.

Measurable… was I- fourteen.

Me- my- eyebrows hang up about wedged in a worried line, over my nervous brown eyes. Besides Marcel never- ever would be all mine, nor did I see it being that way, on that day at the time, in that year at the

moment in the flashback. When I went to brush my teeth, I was almost surprised that the face in the mirror hadn't changed. It was just a dream, I reminded myself again, just a freaked-out dream, crap, piss, just freaking crap! Just a dream- God- A- crap… but also my worst nightmarish thing-ie. You detained your hand out at me, and I took it shorn of bringing to an end to make intelligence of what I for one set upright doing.

Aimed at the original time in nearly a period, I touched courage.

Crap- I skipped breakfast, in a hurry to get out of the house as quickly as a freak. I wasn't entirely able to avoid my dad, and so I had to spend a few minutes acting cheerful, I didn’t give a freak at that either, crap- suck- and freak a p*ssy!

He- he- p*ssy farts!

Chapter: 98

Feel the inside of me

Don’t you just looooovvvveeee here she’s so-Oo -like me! - #- sis!

Look at this photo of the past- not like mine either!

You saw how I was remembered… what did you think?

(Story)

Cave of wonders her vajayjay, and the one next to it all the girls there in their seats- I honestly tried to be excited about the gifts, I for one requested him not to get me, but every time I had to smile, it felt like I might start crying.

HOLY Soggy box- I struggled to get a grip on myself as I drove to school. The vision of Gran-I would not

think of it as me-was hard to get out of my head. I couldn't feel anything but despair until I pulled into the familiar parking lot behind Pitt- Clit High and spotted Marcel leaning motionlessly against his polished silver Volvo, like a marble tribute to some forgotten pagan god of beauty.

Titties- I stared at myself, looking for some sign of impending wrinkles in my ivory skin. The only creases were the ones on my forehead, though, and I knew that if I could manage to relax, they would disappear. I couldn't...

He- he- I said pitt- cl*t- and t*ts!

Well, they go together, don’t they…? make the beast with two backs- hand on d*ick- and his winner there in my mind- The dream had not completed him justice. And he was in the making there for me, just the same as every other day. Hopelessness momentarily missing; wonder took its place. Even after half a year with him, I still couldn't believe that I deserved this degree of good fortune. The sight of sis waiting there- her tawny eyes brilliant with excitement, and a small silver-

wrapped square in her hands- made me frown. I for one told Kellie, I didn't want no matter which for anything, not gifts or even attention, for my birthday. Understandably, my wishes were being passed over.

My sister Kellie was standing by his side, waiting for me, too. So not cool, so not- crap- b*tch, Of course, Marcel and she weren't related (in Pittsburgh the story was that all the Cullen siblings were adopted by Dr. Parlis and his wife, Ilsmel, both too young to have teenage children), but their skin was precisely the same pale

shade, their eyes had the same strange golden tint, with the same deep, bruise-like shadows beneath them. Her face, like his, was also startlingly beautiful. To celebrity in the know- big shot like me- these resemblances marked them for what they remained. I saw Mr. King in class today said- ‘How’s it hanging!’ He was struggling with some poop freaker.

(That man over there- look… with that again you get it he yells crap out not saying anything like- but butt-pug and crap with piss and honey whole beeped out-run of words here-

that he said ending with hamburger. We Have to keep PG- 13 here, more for mom and dad; so- they don't freaking crap themselves, yet the teenagers feel it's all good. -Yeah, suck on this crap- MR. KING! SEXY is it NOT? It's good crap… is it not? Here is my pooper scooper. Good boy!)

Mr. King is barking at kids again, I said, looking at Olivia! He's nuts-o and sometimes creepy. Butt-poopy- I slammed the door of my 50 Nash- a burst of rust specks trembled down to the wet blacktop-and walked slowly toward where they waited. Olivia

skipped forward to meet me, her fairy face glowing under her spiky black hair.

‘Happy birthday, Karly!’ Yeeeeaaaahhhh!

~*~

‘Shh-it!’ I whispered, glancing around the lot to make sure no one had overheard her. The last thing, I wanted to be some kind of celebration of the obscure event. She ignored me. ‘Do you want to sweep your present now or later?’ She asked eagerly as we made our way to where Marcel still waited.

Olivia would have ‘seen’ what my parents were planning as soon as they'd decided that themselves. ‘Nope no presents- no mothers and dad either damn.’ I moaned in a murmur. She finally seemed to process my mood. ‘Satisfactory… later, then. Did you like the notebook your mom sent you, as well as the phone from daddy?’ I groaned and felt the crap inside me move downwards, that duping feeling and crap- of course, she would know what my birthday presents were. Marcel wasn't the only member of his family with few and far between skills of random crap.

‘Yeah, they are awesome, grand, and everything, I wanted- freak, not.’

‘I think it's a nice idea. You're only a senior once. Might as well document the experience.’ ‘How numerous times have you been a senior or backward in life?’ ‘That's different to me yet the same it’s all the same yet not it's rolling off me like water or something else that is thicker. Not all blood do I have coming out of me.’ ‘I am one- down with your bad-self, kick-ass emo- chick!’

We reached Marcel then at that point in the room, in that place, here now, and there, we looked, we saw, it was, he held out his hand for mine. I took it eagerly, forgetting, for a moment, my glum mood. His skin was, as always, smooth, hard, and very cold. He gave my fingers a gentle squeeze. I looked into his liquid eyes, and my heart gave a not-quite-so-gentle squeeze of its own. Hearing the stutter in my heartbeats, he smiled again.

He lifted his free hand and traced one cool fingertip around the outside of my lips as he spoke. ‘So, as

discussed, I am not allowed to wish you a happy birthday, is that correct?' 'You know I love you right?'

'I know,' he breathed, his arm tightening automatically around my waist.

'You know how much I wish it was enough.' 'Naturally, that is truthful.' I could never quite mimic the flow of his perfect, formal articulation. It was something that could only be picked up in an earlier century.

'Just checking.' He ran his hand through his tousled bronze hair. 'You might have changed your mind.

Most people seem to enjoy things like birthdays and gifts.’

Olivia laughed, and the sound was all silver, a wind chime. ‘Of course, you'll enjoy it. Everyone is supposed to be nice to you today and give you your way, Kar. What's the worst that could happen?’ She inescapable it as a linguistic interrogation.

‘I am getting older and wiser every mother- freaking day- mother,’ Dad- I answered anyway, and my voice was not as steady as I wanted it to be. Nevertheless, I said that in front of her.

She was so pissed you would not get it… if you tried too.

Beside me, Marcel’s smile tenses up into a solid line. Like I am freaking, love this butt- a cute crazy girl! ‘Fourteen isn't even that- very old,’ Olivia said. Marcel- ‘Good grammar,’ he said out loud to her nuzzled to me. ‘Don't girls usually wait till they're twenty to get upset over birthdays?’ I'm going to die in a year of old age- oh no!

‘It's older than Marcel,’ I mumbled.

He sighed. Not as the pad you have on that I can whiff in the durable form right smack- dab- here.

‘Gross! A-hole!’ said Liv.

#- Hashtag- (Ba-boom-ching, and LOL)